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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



This Number Contains

the second instalment of
William Hard's critical estimate of

"Uncle Joe" Cannon

illustrated with a cartoon by

E. W. Kemble

A frontispiece in color by

Jessie Willcox Smith

Memorial Day poems by

Bliss Carman

and

Robert Bridges

Photographs of the

Wright Brothers' Aeroplane

with a description of their
recent record-breaking
performances in flight

A double-page photograph of the

Convention of Governors

as well as a double-page
panorama of the

Battleship Fleet

In San Francisco Bay



THE FLOWER VENDER

Drawn by WALTER APPLETON CLARK

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Collier's

Saturday, May 30, 1908



The Flower Vender. Cover Design	Drawn by Walter Appleton Clark	
Beauty and the Beast. Frontispiece	Jessie Willcox Smith	6
Editorials		7
Memorial Day. Poem	Bliss Carman	8
Reforming a Spendthrift Nation	Samuel E. Moffett	9
The House Adjourns	Cartoon by E. W. Kemble	11
"Uncle Joe" Cannon—Part II	William Hard	11
Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy	Hashimura Togo	13
XXIV—The Serpent Problem	Illustrated by Rollin Kirby	
The Atlantic Fleet Entering San Francisco Harbor	Photograph	14-15
The Conference of Governors at Washington, D. C.	Photograph	14-15
The Failures. Story	Harvey J. O'Higgins	16
The Veterans. Poem	Robert Bridges	18
History at Kill Devil Hill	Arthur Ruhl	18
Cleveland's Street Railway Strike	Photographs	20
What the World is Doing		20
The Churches of San Francisco	C. P. Connolly	26

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Number 10

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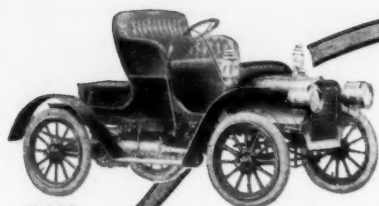
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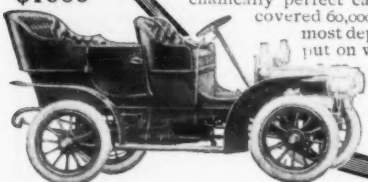
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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, May 30, 1908



The Prize Award

During the quarter extending from December 1, 1907, to March 1, 1908, the following twelve stories were accepted in Collier's regular contest for the quarterly prize of a thousand dollars:

Break o' Day	Justus Miles Forman
A Lover's Dilemma	William J. Locke
Her Business Manager	Georgia Wood Pangborn
"Sedgwick"	Charles Belmont Davis
The Queen of the Sawdust Ring	Arthur Ruhl
Smith	Perry Hamilton
The Face in the Car Window	Jennette Lee
Miss Timmons's Baby	Mary Heaton Vorse
The Wife's Coffin	Gouverneur Morris
The Failures	Harvey J. O'Higgins
The Butterfly	Roy Rolfe Gilson
McGENNIS'S PROMOTION	Rowland Thomas

Mr. Rowland Thomas, to whose story, "McGennis's Promotion," the quarterly bonus was awarded, is well known to the readers of Collier's. Mr. Thomas first became famous in the literary world as the author of "Fagan," the winner of Collier's \$5,000 short-story prize. Since that time several stories by the same author have appeared in Collier's, but we believe that none of these has appealed to our readers as well as will his latest tale, which, like "Fagan," is a story of military life in the Philippines.

Collier's Theatrical Number

Collier's next issue, June 6, will be devoted largely to theatrical subjects. The contents will include the following:

Cover—"Vaudeville"	Maxfield Parrish
The Passing of the Fifth Avenue Theatre	Clara Morris
The Days. Poem	E. H. Sothern
Old Friends from the Comic Operas	Charles Belmont Davis
The Playwright's Progress. Poem	Wallace Irwin
Review of the Theatrical Season	Arthur Ruhl
The Making of an Actress	
Freedom. Poem	Cecilia Loftus
Chorus Girl Society	Frank Ward O'Malley

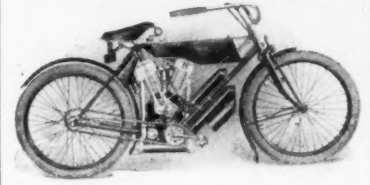
Winner of the "Saloon" Contest

We have selected the prize winner of "The Saloon in Our Town" contest. Three thousand manuscripts were submitted. Emma Brush receives the first prize of \$100 for her account of the first no-license year in a New York town of the southern tier. Her little paper is sane and fair-minded and is written with distinction. From week to week we shall publish other brief "Saloon" essays that have seemed to us exceptionally good. They will cover every view-point, from the liquor dealer, and the drunkard, and the sociable man, "who never takes too much," to the anxious woman at home, and the homeless "lodger" and "boarder" looking for cheer.

About Amateur Athletics

Collier's will print, in its issues of June 13 and June 20, two articles by James B. Connolly, dealing with the amateur athletic situation in the United States. The first will tell "How Cronan Went to Athens," Thomas F. Cronan being the Boston lad who won third place in the triple jump at the Olympian games in Athens in 1906. The second article will deal at length and in detail with the amateur athletic situation in the United States. The fame of Mr. Connolly, the author of these articles, as a writer has eclipsed his earlier reputation as an amateur athlete. He was the first American to win an event at the first Olympian games at Athens in 1896, and has won some score of prizes in various branches of amateur athletics.

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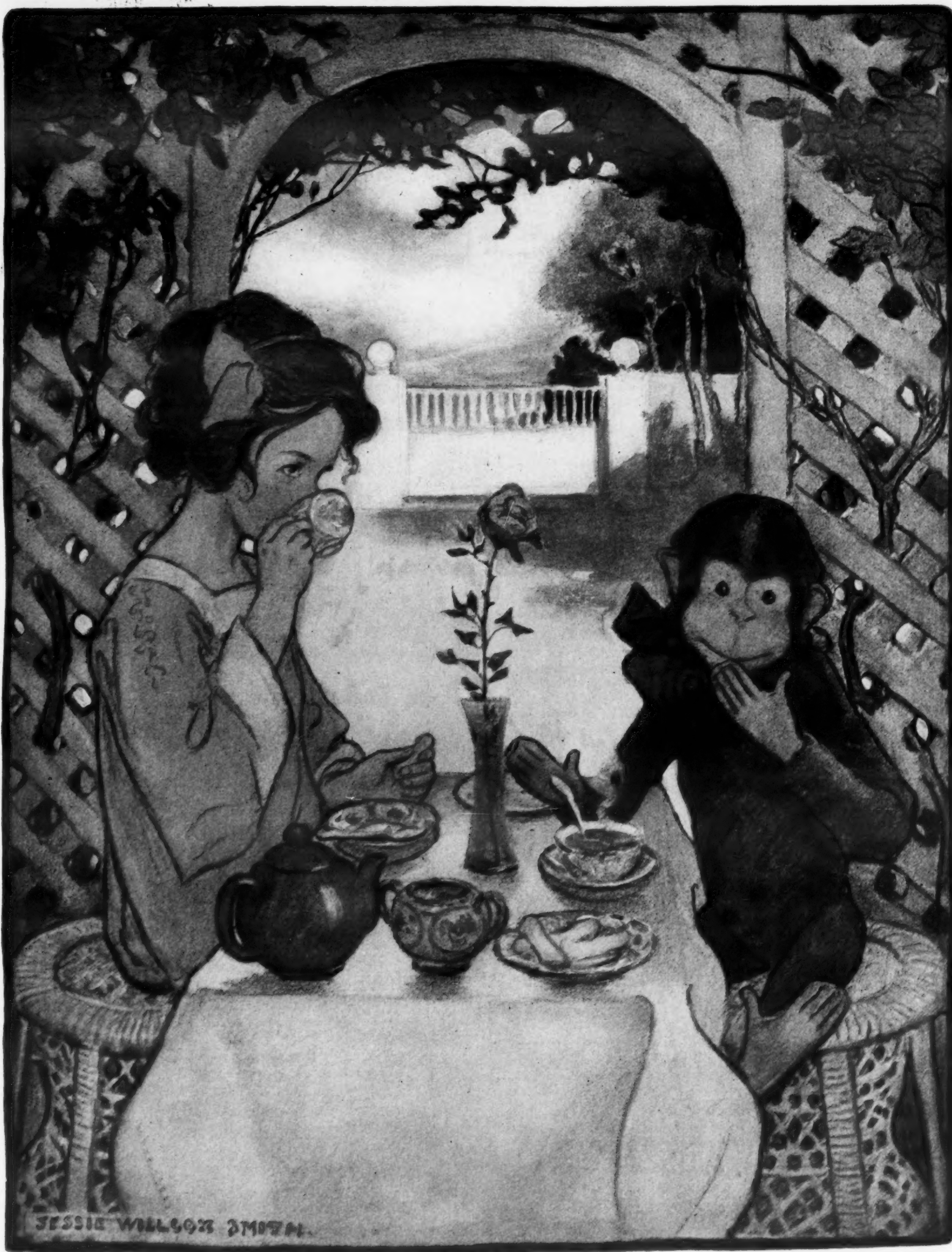
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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

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By JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH



Collier's

The National Weekly

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May 30, 1908

Popularity



GR^{EAT} MEN, regarding fame, have never tired of skepticism. A contemporary reminds us of CROMWELL, applauded by the multitude, declaring that they would come out in even greater numbers to see him hanged, and, in the same spirit, DRYDEN wrote:

"Some popular chief,
More noisy than the rest, but cries, halloa!
And in a trice the bellowing herd come out!"

One of the men who have added to the scope of human knowledge was asked how high he expected the South Sea stock to rise. "I," said NEWTON, "can not calculate the madness of the people." The spirit which put DEWEY with NELSON was hectic to cast him down. A few months ago we were being scolded by our readers for doubting the saintly veracity of EVELYN NESBIT THAW, and for asking reasonable judgment of the young degenerate who was being made a hero by Mr. PULITZER, would-be founder of a college for ideal journalism, and Mr. HEARST, formerly of Harvard University, now pervasive in California, Boston, Chicago, and New York. We remember once seeing Judge PARKER hailed as braver than WASHINGTON for submitting to the orders of plutocrats and newspapers. We are now seeing cruel injustice done to WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME, corresponding to the wild fervor with which a little while ago the air was filled with cheers for him.

"I have seen the dumb men throng to see him, and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers,
Upon him as he pass'd."

The Pendulum

NOW WHAT OF JEROME? Here, in the ebb water of his popularity, we wish to protest against the barking of the pack. JEROME is great in honesty. He walks naked before the world. It would be impossible for him, willing to shake dice for drinks at home, not to do the same act before mankind. Other district attorneys would arrange for state's evidence in private. JEROME dines with THOMAS where all can see. The wisdom of JEROME's tongue is intermittent, but his integrity is solid, his courage high, and there is something well-nigh grand in the pellucid straightness which makes it easy to point his weakness. JEROME has been wronged, and cruelly wronged, by an investigation which turned the limelight less on essentials than on manners, and which made crimes of those qualities by which a few years ago the public love was won. That the investigation was conducted with insincerity, and centred on those points which arouse shallow prejudice, was perhaps natural, because the idea of removal was from the beginning in itself preposterous. However opinions may differ about him, any just estimate leaves him so much above the average public official in ability, as well as in honesty, that the very notion of removing him is farce. And now we come to the one important aspect of this whole investigation, full as it was of cheap and unworthy innuendo. It is at bottom a gross case of newspaper oppression, and it is little else. The "American," the "Journal," and the "World" wish a district attorney whom they can bully: an official who will act as messenger for them. HEARST has JACKSON as office boy at Albany, and he endeavored to push his tricky private attorney, SHEARN, into the place now occupied by JEROME. No decent man can take orders from these newspapers. No official who refuses to accept their orders will be free from hounding. In the inconceivable event of JEROME being removed, the victor will be, not the public, not any impartial investigator, but two irate and yellow autocrats, JOSEPH PULITZER and WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. That JEROME has defied their power shows essential rightness and essential courage.

The Human Mind

A FRENCH PROVERB informs us that an idea which is fixed thereby becomes false. *Une idée fixe devient une idée fausse.* Picturesque illustrations of the truth of this observation crowd upon the observant wayfarer.

"Had the dog, for instance, a vote, this question of a right to vivisection," says "Life," "would be dropped with amazing suddenness. Never again would we hear it advocated; laws for his protection would be passed before another sun could set."

This, dear friends, is not a joke. It is put forward with earnestness, and the paper goes on about "this violation of every principle of fair play,

May 30

this violation of the rights of weaker things." Why does it confine itself to the dog? Why do most of the crusaders seem so interested only in the animals of which they can make pets? It is the horse who furnishes the serum by which diphtheria is robbed of its deadly power. Give the horse a vote. It is the rabbit who must suffer if hydrophobia is cured. Put the ballot in his hands. If he had been free in time, the evil investigations of PASTEUR would never have been allowed. If the deer had possessed a vote, HUNTER's operation would never have been discovered. Moreover, it is absurd to stop with vivisection. Give cats the suffrage (they are pets also), and no kittens will be drowned. Public opinion among hens will speedily end consumption of eggs, and the cow will protect her milk from alien hands. To go farther, why stop with those animals which are useful and friendly to mankind? Have not animals rights apart from selfish human wishes? When true fair play is established, the mosquito, at present deprived of the suffrage and oppressed with ruinous petroleum, will come into his own, and the microbe vote will put an end to the cruel practise of boiling innocent creatures to death in order that human beings may drink in safety and avoid a chance of typhoid. In a true democracy, with universal microbe suffrage, what attention would be paid to the barkings of a single human being like HORSLEY, he who, after making experiments upon animals, first removed a tumor from the human spine, and is now urging in England the necessity of experiment, if physiology, pathology, and surgery are to go forward in that country?

A Possible Sacrifice

THE INFLUENCE OF DEMOCRACY ON KNOWLEDGE is the subject of this paragraph. RENAN maintained that, if the world ever became fully democratic, progress would cease. The idea, of course, is that when ordinary ideas and the most widespread sympathies and emotions are in control, men may be happier, but they may at the same time be more stagnant and less inspired. Popular government might well be justified, even if it meant less genius in scholarship, in philosophy, in art and literature, and even ultimately in science. It might be justified, but the sacrifice would be great. This is a topic on which our own beliefs are not dogmatic. Will those among our readers who are exceptionally equipped with both learning and intelligence tell us how this problem of civilization appears to them? This editorial is tentative and dull, but if the topic is adequately discussed we expect hereafter to produce something more nearly worthy of the possibilities of the subject.

Debs

COMPROMISE brought about the ticket of the Socialists, but, on the whole, it is a compromise representing gain for the party's more rational wing. There are plenty of prominent Socialists superior to DEBS, but, on the other hand, the most prominent candidate, a few months back, was WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, and his defeat shows that only the minority put their reliance on eating fire. The faction which triumphed wished to save the party from being represented by a man whose notoriety was his only asset, but at the same time it did not wish to reduce the vote by selecting one of its finest members, and hence the compromise on DEBS.

Man and the Machine

IF A MACHINE worth ten thousand dollars breaks, the corporation owning it bears the loss and pays out next day ten thousand dollars for a new machine. There is no talk of "contributory negligence," or "assumed risk," no refined inquiry into the "fellow-servant" rule. If the man running the machine is killed, the corporation is exempted by law from bearing any loss in all except a small variety of cases; and in that restricted class the corporation resists by every device the ultimate payment of damages.

Pity and the Picturesque

THERE WAS A WIDOW (her husband had been dead a fortnight) who lived in a humble and honest way, and who achieved triplets at a stroke. Two newspapers, touched, and rightly, by her indigence, decided that a candy-shop would be a pleasant thing for her. They ran a human story that fairly dripped mercy and loving-kindness, telling of the tenement home, the bereavement, and the scheme for ready bargains in caramels and chocolate kisses. The public, which

Memorial Day

By BLISS CARMAN

ONCE more over relics of winter the willows all gold
Wave odorous plumes of enchantment, the fernheads unfold
In forgotten places, as fresh as when Pan long ago
Might pass through the bird-haunted woodlands, or linger to blow
On his pure keen pipe by the river. The wild cherry bough
Is robed for the white celebration of memory now.
Old orchards a maze of pink-white with black stems showing through,
Swampy alder and hill-loving birch all betasseled anew,
And ruddy wing-flowering maples—the year is abloom,
Each dooryard a heaven of lilac, each breeze a perfume.

AND hark to the small, yellow warbler uplifting his voice,
So serene, so intense, so unstified! Who could not rejoice
With the splendid oncoming of glory? Tall beech trees are crowned;
Blue violets spring under foot in the magical ground;
And at twilight the frogs will fife up one by one till they fill
The whole dome of dusk with their choral unvanquished, to thrill
And transmute to an impulse of gladness the sob in each throat;
As we with proud-spirited music help, too, to denote
And enhance the beneficent wonder, the power of earth
At her sorcery still, bringing ever new triumphs to birth
For the battle-bruised soul, the supreme one, desiring nought
Save that always her truest and goodliest dreams should be wrought
Into loveliness out of this life stuff.

So all things alive,
Birds and winds and the sensitive flowers, persist and survive
With joy unabated, with banners unstruck to the frost,
To remind us no beauty can perish, no effort be lost,
No ardor diminished forever, no purpose lack room
To accomplish its utmost ideal! As all things resume
Their unfulfilled tasks of perfection, each after its need,
Shall the heart cease from longing, the mind from its loftiest creed,
Or the senses refuse their due office? Behold we arise
From failure, mistake, and regret, putting on the new guise
Of a use no disaster can ruin, the ultimate test
When endeavor shall gain all it dreamed of the infinite best—
The little-regarded and common made great and sublime,
The eternal arrested and fashioned in space and in time.

THEN sound a new note on the bugles, unmuffle the drums,
Sing hymns of exulting—proud thanks for the uplift that comes
From the thought of our heroes, resurging like sap in the bough
Through hearts sorrow-hardened and faint, but rehumanized now
By the hand-clasp and rally of loved ones for whom we in trust
Hold sacred ideals bequeathed us from out of the dust
Of battlefields holy. And keep we unfettered and fine
The faith which sustained our stray brothers, that Truth the divine
Shall unfurl her peace colors, triumphant as blossom and spray,
Bedecking the earth with fresh gladness, and generous as they!

is everything rather than stony-hearted, sent back a thousand dollars and the widow was able not only to start her shop but to include a soda fountain. This is the same public that throws newspapers and banana-peels into the hospitable gutter, and thereby cuts into the appropriations for tenement-house inspection; spits on the sidewalks and in public buildings, and thereby multiplies disease. The average person responds to obvious signs of sympathy rather than to bigger and more distant good.

A Champion Surpassed

THE QUEEN OF COWS is no longer Pauline, No. 48,426. Changed is the butter championship of the world. To the centre of the stage comes Colantha's 4th Johanna, boast of Wisconsin. In seven days 35.22 pounds of butter were produced by Colantha's 4th Johanna, and in a year she gave 27,433 pounds of milk, which, according to the loving and tireless expert of "Farm and Fireside," would fill 100 barrels.

Farewell, Pauline. Plaudits and tears go with you. Hail, Johanna, greatest milker ever known on earth. The Queen is dead. Long live the Queen.

The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

THE BREWERS have spoken harshly of this paper, which was well, but yet we have not been wholly satisfied. We felt the need of something else. Now, however, that the "National Prohibitionist" has come out and castigated us for being too favorable to the better aspects of some saloons, we are more at ease; the cycle is complete; we have it from both sides, and are, therefore, happy and content.

Vox, et Praeterea Nihil

R. C. RANN IS SECRETARY of the Distillers' Securities Corporation, a fifty-eight-million-dollar corporation which is the largest seller of distilled liquor in the United States. Says Mr. RANN in the "Wall Street Journal":

"The general trade conditions are quite satisfactory. The prohibition movement has very little effect upon the consumption of liquors. It has been the experience of places nominally under prohibition to consume larger quantities than under the opposite conditions. It is a fact that more liquor is going into the State of Georgia to-day than was the case when prohibition laws were not in effect. If prohibition prohibited, the result might be serious."

This statement, as an utterance to influence the price of securities in Wall Street, is not, as things go, subject to so searching an inquiry into its exactness as is the case if it be looked upon as a confession of law-breaking. Wholly aside from either of these aspects, however, it would give as much joy to be allowed to see the statistics which prove Mr. RANN's rather ample generalizations.

A Glimpse into History

"THE ABOLITION OF PERSONAL LIBERTY" and "undemocratic" are epithets overworked in the service of those who oppose prohibition. For the following memoranda, concerning the origin of the license system and the exploitation of liquor, we are indebted to Mr. THOMAS R. THOMPSON of New Haven. They come from the "Domestic MSS." of Queen ELIZABETH's reign, preserved in the National Record Office in London. A nobleman, writing to CECIL, Secretary of State, complains of the independence of the common people, peasants, farmers, and artisans, thus:

"The wealth of the meaner sort is of the very summit of rebellion. . . . It must be cured. It must be cured . . . by providing, as it were, of some sewers or channels to draw or suck from them their money by subtle and indirect means, to be handled insensibly."

This is found in Commissioner TYLDESLEY's reports to CECIL, in Vol. 1, at page 462.

"The ale-houses, the very stock and stay of thieves and vagabonds, were supported by the gentlemen for the worst of motives. The peers had patents to import and sell wines free of duty, and to extend the right to others under their name; and the tavern-keepers were my lord's servants, or my master's servants, and had such kinds of licenses and license out of license to them and their assignees, that it was some danger to meddle with them."

The above letter was written on September 3, 1561, which was a long time ago.

Modern Methods

NOBODY STUDIES MEN more carefully than the advertising experts. Ability is sought for their positions, and highly paid, and a large body of exceptionally alert Americans are observing all the time what causes interest in the buying public. It is significant, therefore, to see one of the shrewdest of these experts playing up history and biography. A picture of JOHN PAUL JONES

and a ship of the line, for instance, may have caught your eye, and you read the following:

"OUR OCEAN WARRIORS"

played a mighty and memorable part in the war for independence. To this very hour we depend upon our great iron battleships (now afloat upon the Pacific) and the strong men who handle them, to give force, power, and respect to our national spoken word. "We have just started to fight," shouted PAUL JONES (when in command of a sinking ship) to an offer of surrender—these immortal words from the founder of our navy voice forevermore the unconquerable spirit that inspires all true American seamen—every man of whom enjoys pure malt beer—even as their fathers did in the days of PAUL JONES, and for countless generations before."

To THOMAS JEFFERSON is given a similar place of honor in another proclamation, and, no doubt, soon we shall have VULCAN, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, "Mr. Pickwick," LUCREZIA BORGIA, BERNARD SHAW, "Rollo," and other enticing models, testifying to that love of easy history which assuredly is characteristic of our people, and which lay back of the historical novel, which a few years since attained so great a vogue.

The Harder Courage

CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS, has reached the aftermath of her disaster. At first such a fire, sweeping mile after mile through the heart of a city, by its very suddenness and terror acts as a spur. As with an animal brought to bay, such a catastrophe brings out the fight in a city. The greater the extremity of apparent helplessness, the greater the unity with which citizens meet the emergency. Like San Francisco, Chelsea rose to the occasion of that first stress. But now comes the second stage of reconstruction, from which has passed all the thrill, and that is what forms the real test of character. We had an opportunity, not long ago, of standing on a hill in the heart of the burnt belt. It is now a city of cellars, filled with crumbled bricks, twisted piping, and the conspicuous wire sinews of burnt pianos. There is little of the poignantly picturesque. All is one razed waste of desolation, prosaic and unvaried. The old quip—"Dead as Chelsea"—has taken on a significance of fearful grimness. The days of throbbing terror have passed, and it remains for the citizens to contend against dull apathy. The public has a short memory, and with lessening interest comes lessening assistance. The city must henceforth bear her burdens alone. In the dull and isolated labor of reconstruction, we trust that she may show the mettle that is difficult.

A Writer of Much Charm

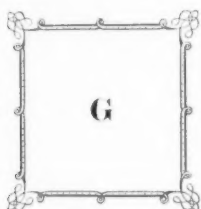
A MAN NAMED GEORGE M. GOULD has written a book, "Concerning Lafcadio Hearn." He calls himself the "friend" of HEARN, and thereby soils his memory with the greater subtlety. HEARN

was an alien in every country till he found himself in Old Japan, and died. He was an exotic among men, a tramp royal on the open road and in the blind alleys. All places were alike to him, and he wandered, forlorn, until he could uncover his dream. Chance threw him in the way of Dr. GOULD, who, it seems, fed him from his table and gave him lodging, although HEARN was, according to this narrative, socially unrepresentable. All this and more Dr. GOULD has told in his book. He has itemized his goodness to HEARN, and now presents, to the memory of the dead, an expense account of his hospitality. It is harmless when an excellent but prosaic person rides into a temporary glamour by telling how he fought with General GRANT or once met CHARLES DICKENS. It is insulting for an eye specialist to dissect his one-time guest in a jaundiced search for frailties. The reading world had been gladdened by the essays of KREHBIEL and the volumes of ELIZABETH BISLAND WETMORE, telling of HEARN's life and struggle. HEARN's letters revealed a life as poignant as any in literary history. And better than that—they told of the character that grew definite and fine through so much agony. They told of the cruelties of insufficient food and sordid lodgings, the sensitive, shy nature that distrusted its own true friends, and then how all these limitations rounded up and mellowed to the final years that found a refuge in the once-scorned conventions—the honest marriage and the quiet home, and the deep, steady companionship of children. The old, half-wild, half-childlike man was put aside, and the sure, firm lines of achieved character taken on. HEARN belongs with the men whose thought and prose are beautiful. In his work he gives men warmth and life, and in his life he turned from error to the main-traveled ways.

Reforming a Spendthrift Nation

*For the first time in history the Governors of Forty-one States have met with the President and his Cabinet in a single room
How to stop the waste of the nation's natural wealth was the problem that brought them together*

By SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



GR^{EAT} events are not always recognized when they happen, but any spectator at the convention of Governors that met at the White House on May 13, 14, and 15 must have been singularly lacking in imagination if he failed to realize that he was watching the planting of one of the towering landmarks of history. The subject of the discussions—the conservation of our national resources—was in itself the most important confronting the American people, but beyond that it was discovered that to deal with this problem we had suddenly developed a new organ of government. Never before had the Governors of the States been brought together in one room. Now forty-one of the forty-six were assembled with the President of the United States in the chair and half the members of the Cabinet on the platform. To hear a discussion in which each participant was the chief magistrate of an imperial commonwealth was to gain a new impression of the splendor and power of the Republic. The Governors themselves felt this impression deeply. For the time Congress was completely in eclipse.

And while the President had called the Governors together for a special temporary purpose, the value of their association became so manifest that it was resolved to make it permanent, and now we shall have a House of Governors meeting every year and dealing not with one subject only, but with all subjects on which harmonious action among the States is desirable. When the creation of such a body was suggested some months ago by Mr. W. G. Jordan the idea seemed rather fantastic, but the first touch of practical experience made it a logical necessity. The immediate object of the recent gathering was to take stock of the assets of the corporation known as the United States of America, of which the members of the conference could be described as directors. The President had invited the Governors of all the States and Territories, and each Governor was authorized to bring three assistants, who had equal privileges on the floor. In addition, seventy civic, educational, scientific, economic, business and labor organizations were invited to send representatives. The conference also included the members of the Cabinet and of the Inland Waterways Commission, and any Senators and Representatives who cared to take part. A few distinguished citizens were invited too, and the affectionate greetings among the President, Mr. Bryan, and Governor Johnson of Minnesota formed one of the most touching features of the conference.

It had been the intention that the Governors should do most of the talking and that they should merely be steered gently in the right direction by brief statements of facts prepared by experts and read at the opening of each session. The first day, politeness gave the experts a free range, regardless of the twenty-minute time limit; the second day Governor Johnson of Minnesota, in the chair, cut them short on the stroke of the bell, even when it rang in the middle of a sentence, and the third day the Governors threw over the whole program and did all the talking themselves, leaving the essays to be read in print.

The facts set before the conference by the various authorities are briefly these:

We are destroying our forests three times as fast as they are being reproduced. The New England supply



is practically gone; the white and Norway pine of the Lake States will cease to be commercially important in five years; Southern yellow pine will have been substantially exhausted in thirteen years; and the Pacific Coast pines, firs, spruces, and redwoods, the greatest body of merchantable timber now remaining, will not last longer than forty-one years unless present tendencies are checked.

Facing a Fuelless Age

I^N THE matter of fuel we are drawing on our national bank account even more recklessly than in the matter of timber. Forests can be replaced, but coal, oil, and gas once used up are gone forever. Since we began to use coal in commercial quantities, about ninety years ago, we have doubled our output every ten years, and of late the increase has been even faster. We mined as much coal in the ten years from 1896 to 1906 as in the preceding seventy-five years, and we are now taking out of the ground considerably over a third of the entire product of the world. And for every ton we take out we destroy the value of considerably more than another ton made permanently inaccessible by wasteful methods of mining. It is estimated that if we keep on increasing our drafts upon the mines at the present rate our

coal supply will be so reduced before the end of the present century as to subject our industries to the handicap of higher prices and poorer quality, and that before the end of the next century most of our seemingly exhaustless supply will be gone. Our anthracite will be gone in sixty or seventy years even without any increased output at all.

Natural gas, an ideal fuel, of which this fortunate nation possesses a practical monopoly, might be to a considerable extent a substitute for coal, but we have allowed it to be still more scandalously wasted. At the present moment State Geologist White of West Virginia estimates that gas is escaping uselessly into the air at the rate of at least a billion cubic feet a day, and probably much more. That means a daily waste equivalent to more than a hundred and sixty thousand barrels of petroleum, or more than forty thousand tons of coal. All this could easily be saved at the cost of a little work and money. One well in Kentucky poured out three million dollars' worth of gas in twenty years without any attempt to control or utilize it. Eight years ago the needless daily waste of gas in two counties of West Virginia alone was five hundred million cubic feet, which actually weighed twelve thousand tons.

An Iron Famine in Forty Years

T^{HE} state of our iron supplies is even more critical than that of our fuel. All the high-grade iron ore in large deposits now in sight would be used up in the next forty years even at the present rate of consumption. But consumption has been doubling every seven years. If it should double only twice more we should be facing an iron famine before men now middle-aged grew old. Finally, there is the greatest asset of all—our soil. The land that once was public has now become for the most part private. Leaving out Alaska and the arid belt, we have 86,500,000 acres of Government land left, and we disposed of 21,000,000 acres last year. But that is not the most serious matter. Land that has passed from public to private ownership is still part of the national wealth. But what if the land itself is gone? That is what is actually happening in the most literal form with regard to a great part of our soil, and it is happening in a less literal but still very real sense with regard to most of the remainder. Over a thousand million tons of rich soil are actually leaving us every year—carried to sea by the rivers that we have turned into agents of destruction by exterminating the forests that once protected their banks and checked the erosion of the neighboring fields. That is equivalent to stripping the entire soil covering to a depth of four feet from over a hundred thousand acres of land, and that devastation is repeated every year. Still more disastrous in its effects upon national wealth is the progressive exhaustion of the soil throughout almost the entire country by heedless methods of farming. A wave of agricultural prosperity has passed across the Union from East to West, and as the virgin soils have been used up by single cropping and the neglect of fertilizers, State after State has been dotted with abandoned farms. While the land of Europe has been growing better for a thousand years, and now produces larger crops to the acre than it ever did before, our land, whose fertility was once the wonder of the world, has been growing steadily poorer and its crops per acre

steadily smaller, so that now our farmers are emigrating to Canada to find more virgin fields to skin.

These are ominous facts, but there are two ways of looking at them. One is the Cannon way. Speaker Cannon calls himself an optimist. His idea of optimism is to shut your eyes to unpleasant facts and make all the money you can in the present, letting the future take care of itself. At a dinner given to the visiting Governors in Washington, he ridiculed the idea of conserving the national resources, remarking that when our coal was used up we could harness the sun, that when our iron gave out we could use cement, and that with the disappearance of each national resource something would be found or invented to take its place. The spectacle of the dead civilizations of Asia, killed by optimists, had no terrors for Mr. Cannon.

*"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass—
Stamps o'er his Head, but can not break his Sleep."*

The wild ass has an optimistic and well-founded confidence in his own survival, whether civilization lives or dies.

The Way Out

THE other way of treating an unpleasant situation is to look it squarely in the face and see what can be done to better it. Happily the very data which showed the Governors the perils of the road we were traveling showed also how they could be surmounted. We have reached a critical stage in our national development, but we have not yet incurred the ruin into which Bactria, Syria, and Northern Africa were plunged by successive generations of Cannons. Wise action now can lead us to new and hitherto unmatched heights of prosperity.

The forests are the key to the whole wonderful complexity of national resources. If they can be restored, we shall have a regular and ample stream flow. That means the development of water-powers sufficient to replace all the coal now used in manufacturing, which in its turn means the addition of centuries to the life of our coal fields. With the extension of forest cover and the prevention of floods, soil erosion will be greatly lessened. The streams will furnish water for irrigation, which will give homes to tens of millions of people. Going down a little farther, they will form great highways of commerce, over which freight can be transported with the use of one-fifth the amount of iron required to move it by rail, and with a saving of more than half of the coal.

Still lower, the confinement of the rivers to their channels through the regulation of their head waters, will enable seventy million acres of now useless swamp land to be drained and made richly productive.

There is no doubt that the forests can be restored. Even now they would restore themselves if we were satisfied to get along with only twice as much lumber per head of the population as is used in Europe. We are cutting our trees three or four times as fast as they are being reproduced, but we are using over eight times as much lumber in proportion to population as Europe uses. We could get along with less not only without hardship but with very great advantage. Brick, stone, and concrete, instead of wooden houses, would save us the greater part of our frightful fire loss of \$500,000,000 a year, and our still more frightful loss of life. Wood pulp is a wretched substitute for linen and cotton in the manufacture of paper, and there is no reason why the development of cheap fibrous materials should not save the thousands of acres of spruce forest now annually devastated to give the American people the news.

Moreover, the movement for forest preservation and restoration has now taken national scope. In the Western half of the country, it is in the hands of the National Government, which has put an area greater than the whole German Empire into National Forests. In the East, the States are taking hold of the problem in ear-

nest. Twenty-seven States, of which all but four are east of the Missouri River, have forestry officers of their own. Of the remaining four, three—California, Oregon, and Washington—contain the nation's great reserve of virgin timber, which is thus being cared for by both State and Federal authorities. The fourth, Kansas, never had any forests within historical times, so that the work there is that of creating a new resource instead of saving an old one. Missouri had no Forestry Commission before this conference, but when Governor Folk found what other States were doing he announced his intention of appointing one as soon as he got home, and several other Governors said that they would follow his example. Furthermore, the Governors learned that several States had already exempted growing trees from taxation, the one thing needed to make private forestry practicable from a business standpoint.

As to coal, there are several things that give reasonable ground for hope. Even with all our reckless consumption, and our still more reckless waste, we have used as yet less than two per cent of our known supplies. The predictions of an early famine are based on the assumption that our output will continue to double every ten years as it has in the past. But it is extremely unlikely that such a rate of increase can be kept up for any great length of time. Coal, iron, and lumber all take men to produce them, and if their rate of production increases five times as fast as the population it will not be long until there are no men left, and the increase will have to cease for lack of workers. In 1902, it took three hundred and fifty thousand men to mine three hundred and one million tons of coal. It would take four million men, representing a population of twenty millions, to mine the three billion five hundred million tons predicted by Mr. Carnegie for 1937.

Fast as the use of coal has increased the use of electricity has grown faster. While power in general has doubled every ten years, electric power has doubled every five years. In twelve years more, at the present rates of growth, more than half of all the energy in the country will be applied by electricity. At present we are using about thirty million horse-power of all kinds, and it happens that this is almost exactly the amount available in the streams of the United States. If all this water-power could be used at once, therefore, it would satisfy all our present requirements for manufactures, mines, quarries, mills, railroads, and electric light and power stations, relieving the coal mines from the entire industrial demand. But it is estimated that by the proper development of our streams, the thirty million horse-power now available could be increased to a hundred and fifty millions. One river investigated by Mr. H. St. Clair Putnam furnished only two hundred horse-power at low water in its natural state. By the help of a storage reservoir this was increased to eight thousand horse-power twenty-four hours in the day. The use of even the thirty million horse-power now available in our streams without improvement would mean the payment of fifteen billion dollars in additional wages, or more than twice the value of all the products of our farms.

Saving Coal Waste

HERE are other simple economies in the use of coal. If we could only get out all or most of the heat energy locked in the coal, we could dismiss the fear of a fuel famine, for that would at once multiply the life of our mines by ten or twenty. Such a process may be invented, but without waiting for that we have now at hand the means of more than doubling the working efficiency of our fuel by the use of gas-engines and producer gas. Moreover, it is possible in this way to use to advantage the impure coal which is now thrown away at the mines, and which constitutes a quarter of all the coal resources of the nation. Central plants near the mines, where all kinds of refuse could be turned into gas, generating electricity to be distributed over all the surrounding country, would save millions of tons of pure coal every year as well as the iron, steel, wood, and

fuel consumed in transporting it. There are tremendous possibilities in alcohol.

Speaker Cannon's suggestion about harnessing the sun is not extravagant in itself—it is absurd merely when used as an excuse for wasting our other resources. Mr. Carnegie gave scientific authority for the statement that on a clear day the solar heat delivered on an acre of the earth's surface was equivalent, on an average, to 7,500 horse-power. Thus there is more power going to waste every day in a little corner of Death Valley, two miles and a half square, than we develop now from all the coal, oil, and gas burned in all the engines of America. When we learn how to use that overflowing energy to advantage, our deserts, baking under brazen skies, may become our hives of industry, and our smokeless factories may be assured of power as long as life itself is possible on the earth.

Eking Out the Iron Supply

THE case of iron is more serious than that of coal; the supplies are smaller and there are fewer possible substitutes. Yet much can be done even there to prolong the life of our mines. Mr. Carnegie showed that it took about a thousand tons of iron and steel to move the same amount of heavy freight by rail. To move a thousand tons of freight by water takes only from a hundred to two hundred and fifty tons of metal. Concrete can replace iron and steel to a great extent in buildings and bridges. "The hitherto useless slag hills, of which many may be seen around blast furnaces, are now being made directly into cement and yielding high profits. It has become a by-product, the extra cost scarcely more than the former cost of piling the slag away." Mr. Carnegie, who was once reluctantly engaged in the armor-plate business, added that the world would soon learn that war was "not only too disgracefully inhuman, but too wasteful to be tolerated," and that the serious drain upon our iron ores for battle-ships, ordnance, projectiles, and small arms would cease.

Mr. James J. Hill, whose comprehensive address was one of the most profoundly impressive features of the Conference, was especially concerned about the abuse of our farming lands. But here, too, the way out is clear. The cultivation of forests, shrubs, and grasses will check losses by erosion. The rotation of crops, the use of fertilizers, the creation of sewage farms, and especially the development of methods of extracting nitrogen from the air, will restore fertility. Mr. Hill showed that by planting grain only four years out of seven a farmer could harvest as much of it in those four years as he could in the whole seven if he planted it every year, leaving the products of the other three years as a clear profit. He could do still better by combining stock-raising with grain-raising. Although our agriculture in general is still more backward than that of any other civilized country except Russia, the work going on for its improvement is more energetic and more hopeful than anywhere else in the world. Nowhere is there anything to match the achievements of the United States Department of Agriculture in naturalizing new crops and new methods of cultivation. Almost every State has its agricultural college and its chain of agricultural experiment stations. Railroad companies are maintaining educational bureaus. Traveling lecturers are instructing enthusiastic classes of farmers. All these lessons are taking root. Their results are already counting heavily in our crop returns, and they will soon transform the farming industry.

One thing, referred to by Mr. Hill, Governor Folk, and other speakers, is perfectly obvious. When we are struggling with the problem of saving our wood, coal, and iron from exhaustion, it is the rankest folly to cut ourselves off from foreign assistance by tariff duties. The more of these indispensable materials we can import, the longer our home supplies will last. The applause that greeted Governor Folk's suggestion that lumber should be put on the free list was a hint that will not be lost on the tariff revisers if private interests do not submerge both their patriotism and their political sense.



Dr. Edward
Everett Hale Forester
Gifford Pinchot



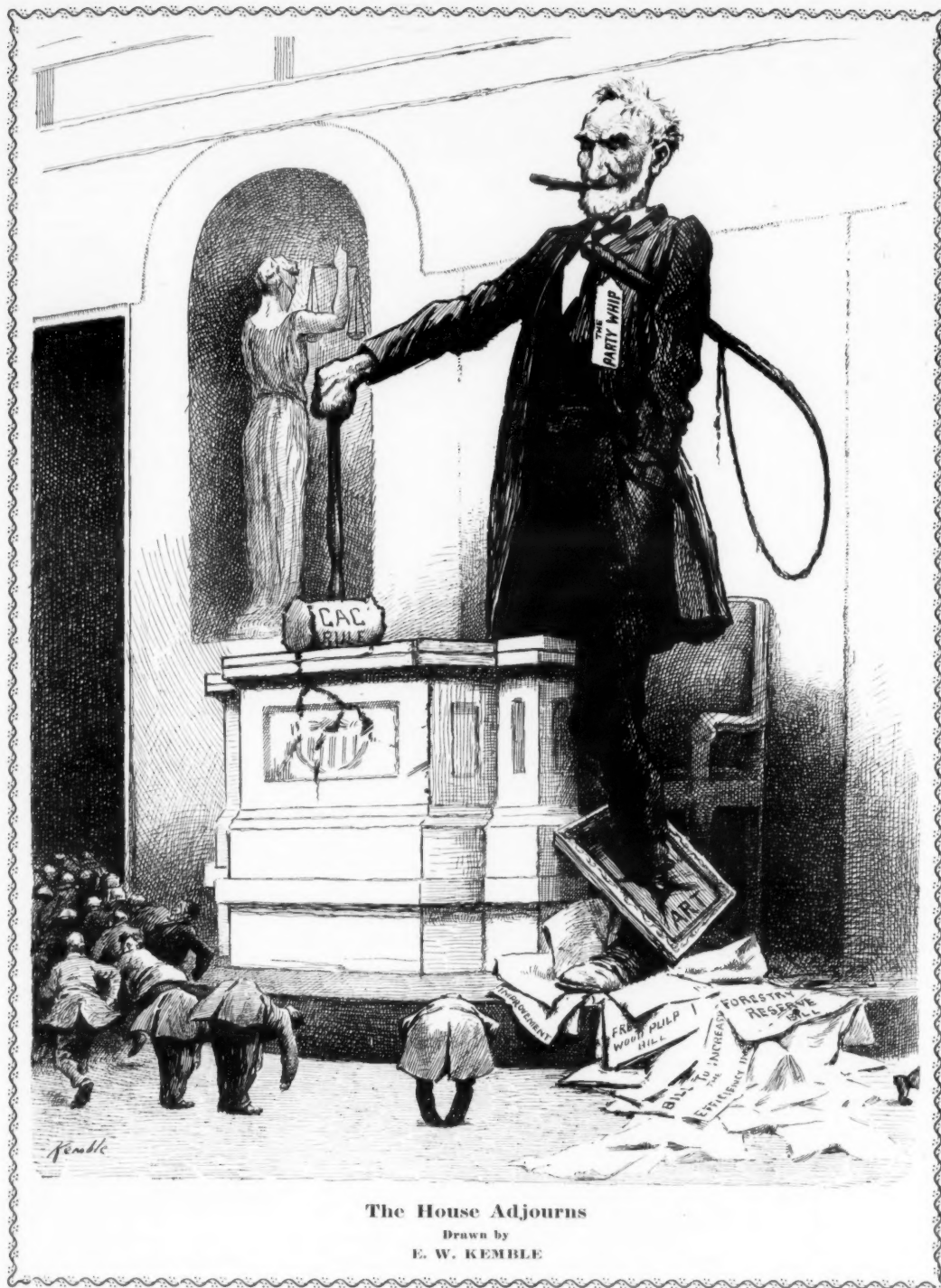
Samuel
Gompers John
Mitchell



William
Jennings Bryan



Dr. Chas. D. Walcott, James John
Sec. Smithsonian Institution J. Hill Hay



The House Adjourns

Drawn by
E. W. KEMBLE

"Uncle Joe" Cannon

The Second and Concluding Chapter (of which the First was Published in Collier's for May 23) in the Life Story of the Secretive Speaker—Revealing the Man Cannon, "who Thinks in Nickels"—the Foe of the Forests, the Friend of Vested Interests, the Acolyte of the Republican Party

By WILLIAM HARD



MR. CANNON survived his "foul-mouth" speech and his subsequent defeat in his Congressional district in the fall of 1890 because it was impossible to find anybody else with the same enormous grasp of the details of the National Government. "Uncle Joe" might be narrow-minded and obscene, but there was no other Congressman who knew definitely that "if present plans are carried out there will be, on July 15 next, at 3.27 in the afternoon, a gap of \$37,483,093.78 (not forgetting the seventy-eight cents) between the Government's pants and its vest."

Mr. Cannon's industrious attention to public business was immortalized twenty-five years ago by being inserted into James G. Blaine's political classic: "Twenty Years of Congress."

"Mr. Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois," said Mr. Blaine, "soon acquired a prominent position as an earnest worker in the House, and, indeed, became an authority on all matters connected with the Post-Office of the United States."

Six years of indefatigable attention to detail raised Mr. Cannon from the Committee on Post-Office and Post-Roads, in 1879, to the Committee on Appropriations. Here he was finally at home. One story will suffice: The Committee had granted \$5,000 to the Patent

Office for an "abridgment of patents." Having spent it, the Patent Office wanted \$25,000 more. Mr. Cannon, though a new member, summoned the Patent Office officials before the committee. His careful cross-examination revealed the fact, previously unsuspected even by the Patent Office officials themselves, that the "abridgment of patents" would, in the end, cost \$20,000,000. It was enthusiastically abandoned.

Next to industry, in Mr. Cannon's qualifications, came likableness. He talked then, as now, largely with his left fist. In the Forty-fourth Congress he had the following famous colloquy with Samuel Sullivan Cox of New York:

Mr. Cox—"Don't you shake your fist at me that way."

Mr. Cannon—"With the permission of the gentleman—"

Mr. Cox—"If the gentleman will keep his hands in his pockets, he may go on."

Mr. Cannon thereupon rose to speak.

Mr. Cox—"My friend must keep his hands in his pockets."

Mr. Cannon—"I have both my hands in my pockets. I wish to say this: I did not seek to interrupt the gentleman. I do not often interrupt gentlemen. But when gentlemen make remarks by innuendo—"

This was the end. Thirty-four words was Mr. Cannon's utmost possibility when deprived of his powers of gesticulation.

"The time of the gentleman is up," shouted Mr. Cox. "He has his hands out of his pockets and he is shaking his left fist at me again."

Mr. Cannon has endeared himself, wittingly and unwittingly, to the humor of the House of Representatives. He has also endeared himself, strange as it may seem, to the human weakness of even the artists and architects whose professional activities he so fanatically opposes. They hate him as a legislative force, but like him as an individual.

The architects of the United States once invited him to a big dinner in Washington. They issued his invitation as a pure formality, not supposing for a moment that he would turn up. But he did turn up, friendly and feeling quite homelike, at about 11.45 p. m., and he arose, totally unembarrassed, to make a little speech. He had been at a loss, he said, to understand why they had sent him a card, but he had recollected that when temperance lecturers came across the prairies of Illinois they always carried with them some hopeless drunken sot as a "horrible example." He supposed he was the most horrible example available for any gathering of esthetic persons, and he was glad to be able to do some good by being present.

"We were positively hypnotized," said a Washington architect in talking about it afterward. "His nerve was as funny as his humor."

His nerve and his humor would not have carried him very far without that persistent industry and that patient pursuit of financial facts which gave him his unrivaled knowledge of the money side of the National Government.

Perhaps he was helped in this respect by his five years' experience, after his father's death, in the country store kept by Sam T. Ensly at Annapolis, Indiana. There, as a young man, Mr. Cannon sold everything, from a quart of tar to a skein of silk, and learned to think in nickels. He has thought in nickels ever since, in spite of having become, personally, a millionaire and, professionally, a financial leader of billion-dollar Congresses.

A Millionaire by Proxy

MR. CANNON'S personal fortune, like his political fortune, was not acquired by the exercise of imagination. His million dollars is due to nickels, thrift, a few more nickels, a little more thrift, and then the happy accident of a younger brother who turned out to be a real financial genius on a small-town scale.

The story of that younger brother, "Bill," is worth sketching, in short, because, in biographies of "Joe," a great deal has been said about the inappropriateness of a man's having a million dollars after thirty-six years at Washington, during which no signs have been evident of his having any occupation outside of politics.

Mr. Cannon's money is a matter of Tuscola and Danville, not of Washington. It was all accumulated west of the boundary line between Indiana and Illinois.

Not much of it was gathered, however, in Shelbyville, Mr. Cannon's first Illinois stopping-place. He arrived there in 1859, after having supplemented his training in his country store by a course of reading in a law office in Terre Haute and a law school in Cincinnati.

Shelbyville was sterile. At the end of six months "Uncle Joe" approached his landlord and presented him with a dazzling financial proposition.

"I want to go to Tuscola," he said, "and make another start. I owe you for my board; but I'm young and strong, and, if you'll back me financially in my present plans, you'll never be sorry."

"Well," said the landlord, "I'm willing. I'll take out some of my savings and back you. How much do you want?"

"Two dollars and forty-eight cents," said Mr. Cannon, "the fare to Tuscola."

He got it, and, after a year in Tuscola, he was elected prosecuting attorney for the judicial district in which Tuscola was situated.

Here he sent for "Bill" (who was still back in Indiana), and his kindness in remembering "Bill" was the happiest act of his life.

"Bill" was an albino, with white hair and pinky eyes. "You must always look after 'Bill,'" old Mrs. Cannon had told "Joe." "He is so unfortunate."

Poor, unfortunate "Bill" had been in Tuscola just about three years when he organized a bank and gave "Joe" a minority interest. "Joe" had saved a little stack of nickels from his income as prosecuting attorney, but he hadn't thought of organizing banks. That was one of "Bill's" unfortunate frailties.

Having got a bank in Tuscola, "Bill" went to Danville and organized another bank there, again admitting his elder brother as a minority partner.

The two brothers were inseparable, or, rather, identical. Their two lives were really one life. Country banks are all in politics. Country politics all leads to banks. "Bill" did the banks. "Joe" did the politics.

"Bill" got bigger than "Joe." In Danville he continued to be so unfortunate that he soon owned a street-car company, then a gas company, and then an electric-light company. He was the local magnate, and, for all practical purposes, he was a much greater man than his brother. He was Business. His brother was only Statesmanship.

But whenever "Bill" started a new enterprise he left an opening into which "Joe" could throw his accumulating unproductive dividends and change them into fresh, profitable investments. And that is all there is to "Joe" Cannon's million. Thrift and "Bill"!

What "Joe" would have done without "Bill" is shown clearly enough by what he has done since "Bill's" death. He now puts his money into good, solid farm land, which he can see and touch, and into amply secured farm mortgages. No new enterprises, no creative, imaginative developments for "Joe" in business any more than

in legislation! The imaginative element in his business life was furnished by "Bill." The imaginative element in his political life has been furnished by a long series of fellow Republicans, beginning with Horace Greeley and ending with Theodore Roosevelt. He himself has done nothing but invest, usually reluctantly, in the ideas of others.

"Uncle Joe's" first instinctive impulse, when he observes a new idea beginning to shoot up out of the ground, is to hurry and stamp on it. He is like the famous old gentleman who said: "I don't like artichokes and I don't like people who like them. I myself have never been able to bring myself to taste them."

As a typical specimen of "Uncle Joe's" treatment of a new legislative proposition, the student of American statesmanship is referred to the Congressional Record for January 12, 1899.

The bill was a bill for changing the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries into the United States Commission for Fish, Fisheries, and Birds. It may have been a good bill or a bad one. That is not the point. The object of interest just now is the mental route "Uncle Joe" traveled in order to arrive at his almost inevitable goal of being against the proposition.

He had not been in Congress, he said, when the bill establishing the Fish Commission was passed. But there had been a Fish Commission for some time, and he was not in favor of disturbing it. It probably did valuable work, although he had heard that in some parts of the country it artificially heated the water in which it kept its fish. That didn't look right to him, but let it pass. Let fish be protected! Birds, however, were a different matter. He didn't know the difference between the economic value of birds on the one hand and fish on the other, but he thought that, at present, fish ought to be enough.

His Friend "Eph"

"A" S I LOOK at this bill," he went on, "I see nothing but extravagance and mischief in it. Gentlemen say we can withhold appropriations, but when we once begin to build aviaries, with all the expenses attending them, we do not know where the matter will stop. We do not know whether they will be heated with steam heat or hot water or some other arrangement which these scientific gentlemen may devise. When an aviary has been established in the district of one Representative, other Representatives will want aviaries established in their districts. We shall be unable to hold this expenditure in check when we get a lot of these scientific gentlemen, bird propagators, employed in this work throughout the length and breadth of the land, because each one of these gentlemen will have his friend or friends in the various districts."

Just how indiscriminate Mr. Cannon is in the use of his adjustable, reversible, universally obstructive, guaranteed-to-land-on-any-bill arguments may be judged from the fact that he had the almost inconceivable audacity to use them against the great Reclamation bill of 1902. They made him look on that occasion like a man impelling dried peas as engines of destruction against the hide of an elephant. The incongruity was pitiful.

The Reclamation bill was one of the few fundamentally important bills of the last quarter-century. Its consequences will be incalculable. It began the creation of what will amount to a new empire in the arid districts of the Rocky Mountains.

But Mr. Cannon treated the creation of a new Western empire in the same petty spirit in which he had treated the creation of aviaries.

"This bill," he said, "is a mere opening wedge. If it were passed, Congress would be petitioned after a while to make grants of money, not only from the proceeds of the sales of public lands, but from the Treasury itself. 'I am fearful,' he remarked, 'that they will come for a direct grant from the Treasury.' This fearsome thought put him among the fifty-five lonesome Congressmen who opposed the Reclamation bill. And it lost him forever all credit for the legislative policy which will add ten million sturdy farmers to the population of the United States without costing the National Government a cent of real money.

They slander Mr. Cannon, however, who say that he is against new propositions because he is the tool of organized wealth. This puts the cart before the horse. Organized wealth finds Mr. Cannon acceptable because he is instinctively against all new propositions.

The fact that his obstructiveness is purely personal and temperamental is shown by the unremitting vigilance with which he opposes even those few occasional legislative innovations which are supported by the enlightened business interests of America.

As an illustration, the bill for the establishment of national reserved forests in the Appalachian and White Mountains will be sufficient.

The following esthetic reform organizations have petitioned Congress in favor of that bill:

The National Manufacturers' Association, the American Cotton Manufacturers' Association, the National Lumber Dealers' Association, the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, the Carriage Builders' National Association, the National Slack Cooperage Association, the National Association of Box Manufacturers, and positively scores of other associations of an equally notorious degree of esthetic reform enthusiasm.

A billion dollars of invested money was represented by the delegation which appeared before the Agricultural Committee this year in favor of the bill.

But "Uncle Joe" was against the bill just the same. Yet if there ever was a cold, practical, bread-and-butter proposition, this is it.

It is not always so easy, however, to nail Mr. Cannon down to his opinions. When asked to express himself on a public question he frequently finds that his mind is a complete blank except for a very vivid

recollection of a former acquaintance of his named "Eph."

"Eph" was an old dorky whose used to live in Mr. Cannon's home town in Indiana when Mr. Cannon was a little boy. One day "Eph" and "Joe" went off together to see a menagerie that was visiting a neighboring village. They arrived finally in front of a cage in which there was a very black but very manlike ape.

"How is yo'?" said "Eph."

The ape said nothing.

"How is yo'?" repeated "Eph."

Still the ape said nothing.

"Dat's right, ol' man," shouted "Eph," as the ape's wisdom burst in upon him, "yo' jest keep yo' mouf shet. If yo' says a word dey'll put a hoe in yo' hand an' set yo' to raisin' co'n."

This affecting picture of the dangers of loquacity impressed Mr. Cannon deeply. He has never since allowed himself to say anything that would make the public set him to work in an agitation for a new idea. The first stage in his treatment of a new idea is silence. Not only has he never originated a new idea, but he has never even discussed one at its start.



"Uncle Joe" versus Progress

He used his "adjustable, . . . universally obstructive, guaranteed-to-land-on-any-bill arguments . . . against the great Reclamation bill of 1902. They made him look like a man impelling dried peas as engines of destruction against the hide of an elephant"

The second stage is discussion without bias. A beautiful specimen from this stratum of his mental progress in any subject can be dug up from his Guilford College speech of last year. He was discussing woman suffrage. This is what he said:

"Why shouldn't our mothers, wives, and sisters vote? That is a question you hear. You will settle it down here in North Carolina just as we will up in Illinois." Somewhat tentative! Perhaps even non-committal!

The third stage is opposition. Many illustrations of this have been furnished, and many are still to come.

The fourth stage is reconciliation. It will be remembered by the reader of last week's article that Mr. Cannon opposed the big appropriation for the Congressional Library. Six years afterward, in the Fiftieth Congress, he was advocating thoroughgoing liberality on behalf of the Congressional Library, and he disarmingly defended himself against the charge of inconsistency by remarking: "I guess I ought to have known more about it, but I didn't."

The fifth and last stage is enthusiasm. On the subject of insular possessions, for instance, his inevitable early dubiousness has now been warmed to the point of exclaiming, as he did last year at the University Club in Washington:

"Whether or not we liked their acquisition, now that we have those islands we will make all the appropriations necessary for them, and smile and—"

(At this point he assaulted his right palm with his left fist.)

"— say: 'By God! We like it!'"

In the case of the Appalachian-White Mountains bill, Mr. Cannon is just now passing from the stage of opposition to the stage of reconciliation.

"Uncle Joe" is making ready to "thank God" (as soon as he reaches the fifth stage, the stage of enthusiasm) for Eastern national forests just as he "thanked God" (as devoutly recorded in the first of these two articles) for Resumption in 1880, when, after having been long opposed by him as a theory, it had become, without his aid, a fact.

This very fall, if he is not nominated for the Presidency, he may be mentioning the Appalachian-White Mountains bill to his constituents as a reason for sending him back to Congress. Fanciful? Not at all.

In the last Congressional election Mr. Cannon mentioned the Pure Food bill and the Meat Inspection bill as magnificent legislative achievements to be enthusiastically credited to his Speakership. If he could swallow and assimilate those two obnoxious doses within six months after they were administered to him, there is nothing of which his political digestion is incapable.

Everybody remembers the kind of treatment the Meat Inspection and Pure Food bills had in the House in 1906 during the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress. They were passed only at the point of the pen and the Big Stick. The Press and the President, and not Mr. Cannon, were responsible for the success of those bills.

Mr. Cannon's habitual obstructiveness was somewhat veiled by the silence of the Speaker's chair, but it continued unabated, and even invigorated by its partial concealment. It would be difficult to find a newspaper correspondent, on the ground all the time and following legislative developments with a trained eye, who does not emphatically place the Speaker among the elements that had to be overcome before either bill could be enacted into law.

How well Mr. Cannon knows that he was really unfavorable to the Meat Inspection bill was let slip when he visited the last session of the Illinois State Legislature in order to lobby against the Illinois Direct Primary law. He urged the legislators to defy the Chicago newspapers. He had defied them, he said, when the Meat Inspection bill was up in Congress. And look! He was back again in Congress all right.

The fact is that "Uncle Joe" is dead-set against all these latter-day extensions of Federal authority. He has said so repeatedly, and he showed it conclusively in his treatment of meat inspection and pure food.

The Silent Power of the Speaker

"A" T A PUBLIC meeting in Danville, in the Congressional campaign of 1906, he claimed personal credit for the Employers' Liability law which had passed Congress at its previous session, and unguardedly remarked:

"Had the Speaker been opposed, or even indifferent, to that bill it would have remained on the calendar with the thousands of other bills which failed for want of time to consider them."

Pure food owes nothing to Mr. Cannon, meat inspection owes nothing to him, except tardy and reluctant acquiescence in the inevitable. If he were a man like Foraker of Ohio he would now be publicly lamenting our national folly in allowing such laws to get written into the statute books. But, being himself, he stood up before his nominating convention in his district in 1906 and proudly said:

"The Railroad Rate law, the Free Alcohol law, the Consular Reform law, the Employers' Liability law, the Pure Food law, and the Meat Inspection law, all enacted at one session of Congress, make a record of legislation which has not been paralleled in many years."

The one vein of sentiment in Mr. Cannon's public career is his devotion to the Republican Party. As the Republican Party thinks, so thinks he. His absolute loyalty to it, no matter where it may lead him, may seem strange to younger men; but he is among those older men who can remember the year 1864, when the reelection of Abraham Lincoln seemed doubtful, and when the success of the Republican Party was the perpetuation of the Republic.

The Republican Party of 1908 is the same thing to "Uncle Joe" as the Republican Party of 1864. It was baptized into grace once for all by a baptism of fire, and it remains to-day the only saved and regenerated party in the country. No matter what has to be done, let the Republican Party do it. If we have to have Socialism, let Socialism be introduced by the Republican Party. "Uncle Joe" would make quite a considerable preliminary fuss about Socialism, but he wouldn't let the Republican Party go permanently out of office through resisting it too long.

In spite, however, of the coincidence between his convictions and those of his party, he can not, of course, help impressing his own character to a noticeable degree on the work done by the House of Representatives. Under his guidance the House is becoming the conservative, and the Senate, by comparison, the progressive branch of Congress.

The Appalachian-White Mountains bill, for instance, went through the Senate at the last session without any difficulty.

At that same session, the second of the Fifty-ninth Congress, the Senate killed the reactionary Tawney Pure Food Law amendment, which Mr. Cannon had allowed the House to pass.

At that same session the La Follette Railway Hours of Service bill, which endeavored to promote humanity

(Continued on page 25)

LETTERS of a Japanese Schoolboy

By HASHIMURA TOGO

XXIV—



The Servant Problem

"Therefore I am delight to tell you farewell"

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1908.

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY which make very tough projectile for mind to chew,

HON MR. SIR:—

ASIATIC DELIGHT Japanese Employment Bureau where I am found mostly always pleading for jobs with price \$2, kindness loan of Cousin

Nogi, I am a stand-up in line yesterday with other 43 Japanese Schoolboys which was also nervous about it. S. Muto, Prop. of this Hon. Bureau, see me with smile of ridicule, because he do.

"Togo, you are residing here so oftenly you might bring trunk and sleep. Why so jobless all time? When I give you delicious something to do it, you are back by return care for more."

"Your jobs is all perishable, Hon. Muto," I exaggerate. "They will not keep in such climate."

"You are also unkept," decompose this Muto. "You are a wrong Japanese to speak such slumber about my jobs. You are a Servant Problem!"

At such American insult I feel Samurai instinct with wrists. My interior soul make kicking performance of jiu jitsu—but outside my moustache I am a very smiling embassy like Hon. Baron Takahira.

"I am so delight to hear!" I renig for sarcastick. "I am aware of being a Yellow Peril—to be also a Servant Problem are considerable distinguish. I am pretty pride about myself to be so much altogether."

"Why so you no stick to one job of work and thusly gain experience by?" he denounce.

"Because-so," I report. "Thank you, I can gain considerable plenty experience by losing jobs. I know because I do."

"It are person like you that make Servant Problem in this kingdom," collapse Hon. Muto with peev.

"If I are such fine Servant Problem," I say with voice, "why you no get me one job doing it? Maybe some sweet-hearted American wish to hire such a Problem for \$3 a week & board it. So I shall willingly go there with valise."

"Have you got some good references of recommend to show you could hold situation of Servant Problem elsewhere?" he say it.

"Of sure I have!" I degrade, so I took from my inward vest following recommend of my intelligence which I wrote myself:

1—Mrs. C. W. O'Brien, honorable lady, where I do table-wait & ter-

rible ordeel from fresh American gentleman who say "Jap boy!" with voice so I am very sorry when hot soup drown him at collar & I am next irritate to race-riot with Whang So, China boy of dogly face & terminate there by hanging him by the tail of his head to hon. door-knob. Good-bye, Mrs. C. W. O'Brien! Time there was 3 week.

2—Hon. Miss Maizie Jone, young lady of considerable antiquity & large average weight, promise pay me 10c hr teach her bisickle ride. I teach her gently by uphill; but by down-hill teaching become deliciously rapid because of nervousness enjoyed by hon. machinery. Japanese Boy is earnest to stop it & can not do until Baker Wagon ensue & leave Hon. Maizie broken among machinery. I am Hospital Corps for help; but Hon. Maizie become loudly-thankless. Time there was ½ hr & no pay.

3—Board House of Mrs. Van Horn. There I am guaranteed for experienced window-wash. This is high task of scrubbing and I am serious about it until suds-bucket overspill 3 stories to top of Episcopal Clergyman who notice it. Hashimura Togo depart with fire-alarm. Time there was 2 days, 15 minute.

4—Golden West Garage where I am manieure for automobiles. "Are you acquainted to do?" say Hon. Boss. "O gladly!" I be-reft. I try, but Hon. Gasoline object by explosion. I do not care for this place. Time there was 6 minute.

5—I am nurse-maiden for delighted home of Douglas Willkins, Sausalito. I am request to perambulate Hon. Godfrey, which is a baby, out near some fresh air which he enjoy breathing it. There I meet H. Wanda, Japanese socialist, who discourse with me about Private Ownership. While this important talk is doing Hon. Baby get himself detached from buggy-ride by one method or another. I am conversing too much to notice this until Hon. Mrs. Willkins approach to say with hysterick, "Where is them Baby?" I should like to answer. By search for it I discover Hon. Baby aslumbering amongst potato-bush by road. She do not thank me at departure. Time there was 3 days.

Hon. Sago Sadoyama, who is a professor of American magazine-reading, was found at them Employment Bureau looking for it also. While await-

ing for jobs we was delighted to have a discuss. He say upwards of this:

"I read in populus magazine for 10c one article of title 'Why Do Servants Leave Good Homes When They Are Fired?' I ask to know."

"Answer to this is, Because," I snuggle.

"Ah no!" say this Sago. "It are because Declaration of Independence make them quit it."

"How thus?" I delay.

"Because so," say Sago. "Them Declaration pronounce 'All persons is crated free & equal.' That are nice maxim for school-houses, city halls, grocery stores & other patriotick edifices; but it ain't no good maxim for put over kitchen stove. Each Household Lady what require to keep Hon. Cook in kitchen must keep pretty silent about Hon. Declaration of Independence, or Hon. Cook might get suspicious that there is one."

"Suppose that Hon. Cook should see such a Declaration while she was setting down to skin hon. potatoes for lunching. While there she hear Hon. Mrs. from parlor-room play tune of 'Jolly Widow' in key of piano. Of suddenly Hon. Cook drop pair-knife with immediate brain-thought."

"Sake off!" she decry. "If all persons is crated free & equal, why to skin potatoe? No person what is free & equal ever skin a potatoe. Therefore not."

"Silence from kitchen, then. Pretty soonly it are 1.30 of clock-time and Hon. Mr. Phillip retire home from paint-works enjoying faintness."

"Hon. Mrs., he say-so to female wife, 'where is them lunch to eat it?'"

"I will seen about," say Hon. Mrs. from piano play. So she go kitchen expressing angry rage by feet. There she find Hon. Cook wearing Jolly Widow headware & setting on valise meaning good-bye.

"Bertha, kindly please, where is them lunch to cook it?" she deserve.

"Can not do, thank you," deliver that Hon. Cook. "I are crated free & equal. Also dam gas-range enjoy large leak. Therefore I am delight to tell you farewell because I am a decent average girl."

"That Bertha then depart from kitchen taking part of it with her," say Sago.

"Servant-ladies what is too free & equal is found at liberty nearly all-time," I rebate with Asiatic salute.

ONE wise Professor which is mistaken say "Trouble of these United State is that servants is no good." Such childhood to say!

Trouble of these United State is that servants is too good. Most of them is too good to work except when drove to by hungry symptoms of esophagus. Cooking lady are too good for sweep; sweeping lady are too good for window-wash; window-wash lady are too good for scrub; and scrubbing lady are too good for anything. Frequently at least some Hon. Employer when he hire Hon. Servant forget how good them person is. Then he must be snub.

"Are you a drunkard by habit?" enquire Hon. Employer.

"I are," relapse Hon. Servant.

"Are you?"

"Are you careful of frugality, industrious, steady, moral, nice sleep-hours, early-rise man?" require that Employer for nervous shock.

"I are not," reply them Servant.

"Are you?"

Hon. Employer now enjoy transom of angry rage.

"You must be unfitted for any such job of work to do it!" he corrode.

"Of sure I are," flotate that Hon. Servant. "How nicely you are guessing things!"

Hon. Employer stand gast for fluttering brain.

"You know who I are?" require Hon. Servant.

"I am aware at last," say Employer. "You are Upton Sincere the noveller attempting to give me write-down for famous novel 'The Meatropolis' which will describe my disgusting wealth. You are fired in ad-

vance," say Hon. Employer escaping to hide self under bed.

In Japan, China, Corea & other happy islands where persons has sense enough to be entirely Heathens, Servant Problems is not there because it is absent, thank you. There, when Hon. Servant are awaiting on you, you are aware of it. Tea is served by crolling on seat of stummick & bumping with forehead to announce it are ready. If Japanese Servant require to cease job he are legally require to ask Hon. Employer. If Hon. Employer give his consent, Hon. Servant are legally require to do hara-kiri with dull knife to show how grateful he feel.

This custom make Japanese Servant bashful about asking to quit.

Servants is exceptional to most golden rule, I am at liberty to suppose. Are it not glory-bird feel to be Independent? Ain't not them Independence a grand motion for hearts what makes hero go fife-drumming to blaze of fireworks & sley something or be dead about it? Hon. Vergil say in Latin class, "How nice it is to die for your Country!" And yet-so, what American of intelligence would care to employ one hero to do servanning around house? Would it be pleasant to have one Cook what is fond of sleying something to fife-drum music? Answer is, No!! If Hon. Butler absorb gin-wine & march through dining room with purpose to die for his Country he are immediately discouraged by remark "Hush! Baby is asleep."

When a patriot are Independent he are called "glorious."

When a Servant are Independent he are called "undependable."

Here is some tuneless poetry about a domesticated cook:

CONVERSATION WITH A NEGLECTED AMERICAN

Alice O'Rafferty, Swedish Servant, Tell me to know,

What hast you forgotten to make you have such wild-hair expression of look?

Hast you forgotten Childhood home & don't-forget-me blossom

Of dear old mother neath Apple-tree bud?

Hast you forgotten Some very nice love-song of early springly time

By shade of water-cress And daffy-dills sweetly blend?

I require answer, please!

"Ah no, I ain't forgot them things," Response Alice-Sit-by-the-Stove,

"But I hast forgotten To put any carrots In Hon. Soup."

She weep.

Alice O'Rafferty, Swedish Servant, What volume of book

Have you got hid under ash-board?

Are it some technical work On heating buns?

Are it entitle, "How to construct a mince pie on an income of \$1,000 a year?"

Are it entitle "Dainty Dishes for Peccish Palates."

I ask to look.

"Ah no," response that estimate female,

"It are a fairy-story entitle 'Marriage of Wm. Ashes.'"

By Mrs. Humpley Ward."

Sighs from her.

"Life of cook are very mean and sordy."

She sigh with tear-drop on Humpley Ward book.

Alice O'Rafferty, Swedish Servant,

Tell me to know—

But hark!

I hear something burning with smudge!

Maybe it are a house-afire, But it smell remarkabulously like

Soda biscuits what has ignited themselves

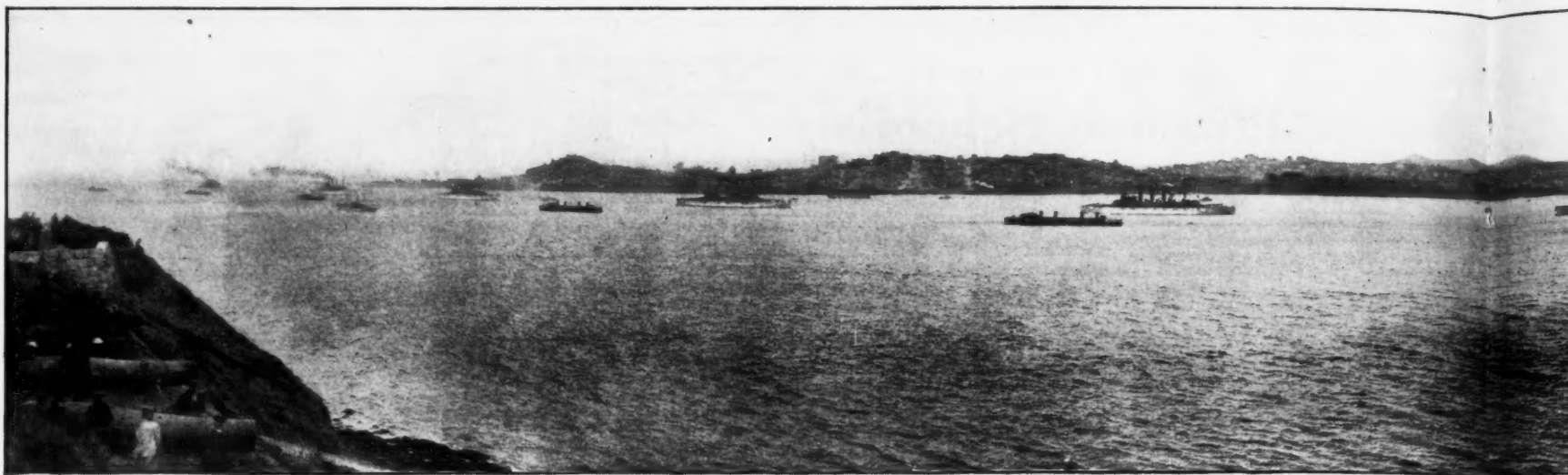
In oven.

Hoping you are having no trouble with your Public Servants, I am

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

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The Atlantic Fleet Entering San F

A five-mile column—18 battleships and 8 armored cruisers—with the destroyers on the flank. "In a great circle, in sight of the hills of Oakland and San Francisco, they



Making the Landing

Sailors of the Atlantic fleet coming ashore at the Vallejo Street dock, San Francisco

Mr. Shipp, Secretary of the Conference
General Mackenzie, Chief of
Engineers of the Army
Congressman Burton of Ohio
Senator Bankhead
Dr. Magee, Agricultural Department
Gov. Ames of South Carolina
Gov. Kibbey of Arizona
Gov. Cutler of Utah

THE entry of the battleship fleet into San Francisco Bay was the greatest naval pageant ever witnessed in American waters. No nation except England can muster so many fighting ships as Rear-Admiral Evans had under his command on the last day that he was ever to give orders from the flagship's after-bridge.

San Francisco made the occasion one for a double celebration. It came only two years after the earthquake and fire. The thousands who saw the squadrons saw also San Francisco's triumph in rebuilding a city among the ruins. To the crews of sixteen battleships entering the Golden Gate it completed the original task which the President had set for them. Not one had fallen out on the way. The six destroyers were in better condition than when they left Hampton Roads. The *Connecticut*, with bottom foul from 14,000 miles' cruising, in a run between San Diego and Magdalena Bay had beaten her trial speed record. We had shown to the world beyond cavil that the efficiency of our engine-room forces and organization was at least such that we could transfer our sea power from the Atlantic to the Pacific without any breakdown, though we had to depend on foreign colliers.

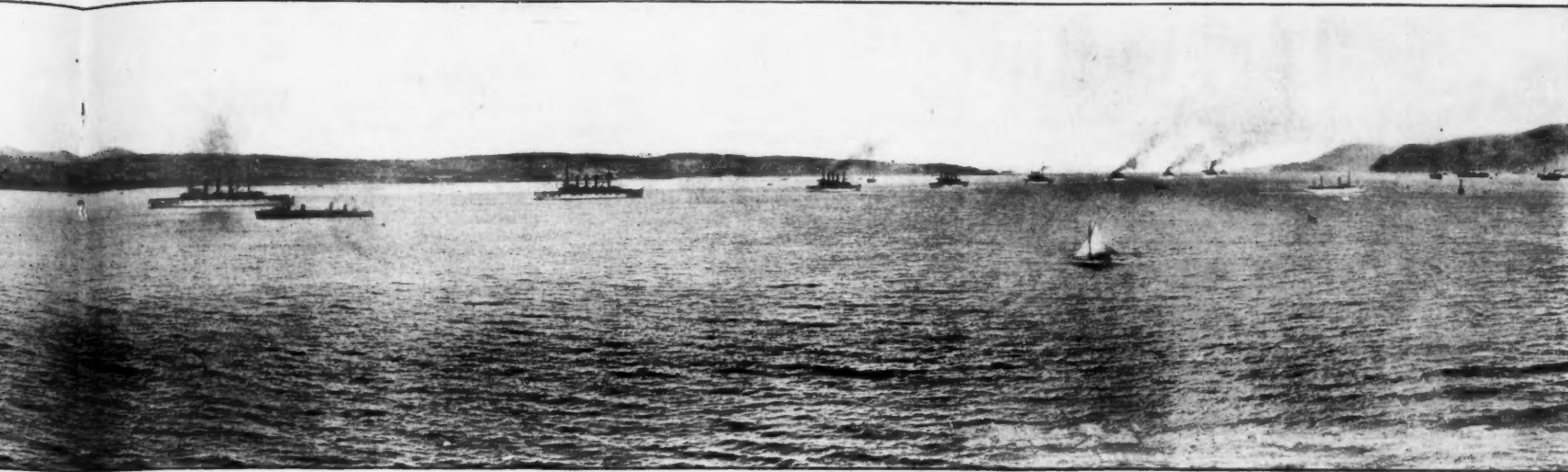
That the politics no Nebraska a in the rev force than been the i generous e per cent o After 1 Nebraska Maine and Suez as a Sound citi make repa under the will go to and China from place welcomed Roads by months af

The Conference of Governors a

(See "Reforming a Spendthrift Nation")



Gov. Post of Porto Rico
Gov. Harris of Ohio
Gov. Proctor of Vermont
Gov. Hughes of New York
Gov. Fort of New Jersey
Gov. Davidson of Wisconsin
Gov. Burke of North Dakota
Gov. Blanchard of Louisiana
Andrew Carnegie
Gov. Folk of Missouri
William Jennings Bryan
James J. Hill
Gov. Norris of Montana
Gov. Hoch of Kansas
John Mitchell
Gov. Higgins of Rhode Island
Gov. Sloan of North Carolina
VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT



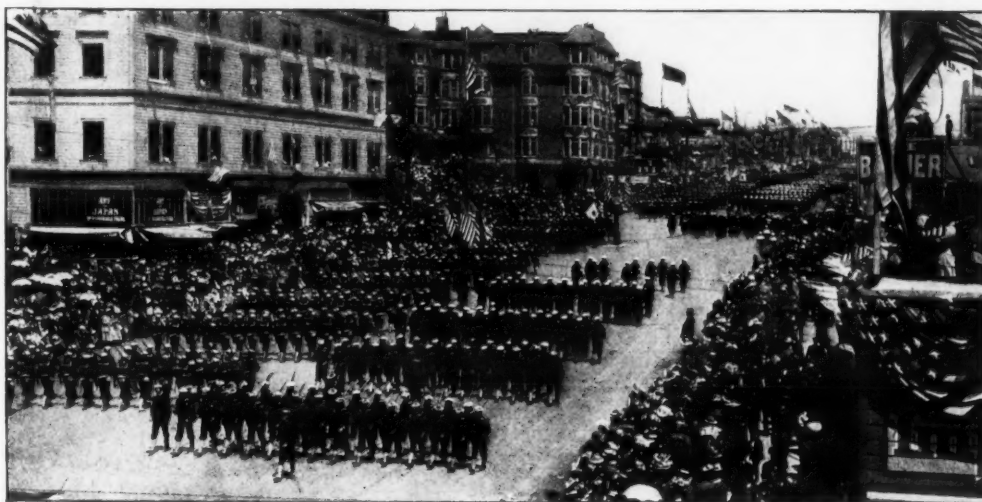
Entering San Francisco Harbor

and San Francisco, they swept around, ship after ship," and came to anchor "the strongest fleet which any nation except England had ever mustered under one command"

San Francisco ever with- on except ships as demand on ders from one for a earthquake also San s. To the completed Not one etter con- icut, with ween San ord. We y of our that we eific with- n colliers.

That this mobilization has had a signal effect on international politics no one questions. With two additional battleships, the Nebraska and the Wisconsin, already on the Pacific, we had eighteen in the review, with eight armored cruisers, making a stronger force than was ever together on the Atlantic. But so rapid has been the increase of armament of first-class Powers that the most generous expert would not credit this force with more than twenty per cent of superiority over the Japanese navy.

After the review the cruisers departed for maneuvers. The Nebraska and the Wisconsin will take the place in the fleet of the Maine and the Alabama, which will go to New York direct by Suez as a special service squadron. After their visit to Puget Sound cities the sixteen will have a month in which to dock and make repairs—only minor ones being needed—and then on July 7, under the new commander-in-chief, Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, will go to Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines, Japan, and China, and back to Manila for battle practice—a repetition from place to place of balls, banquets, and receptions which have welcomed the fleet at South American ports—arriving at Hampton Roads by way of Suez on Washington's Birthday, 1909, fourteen months after their departure.



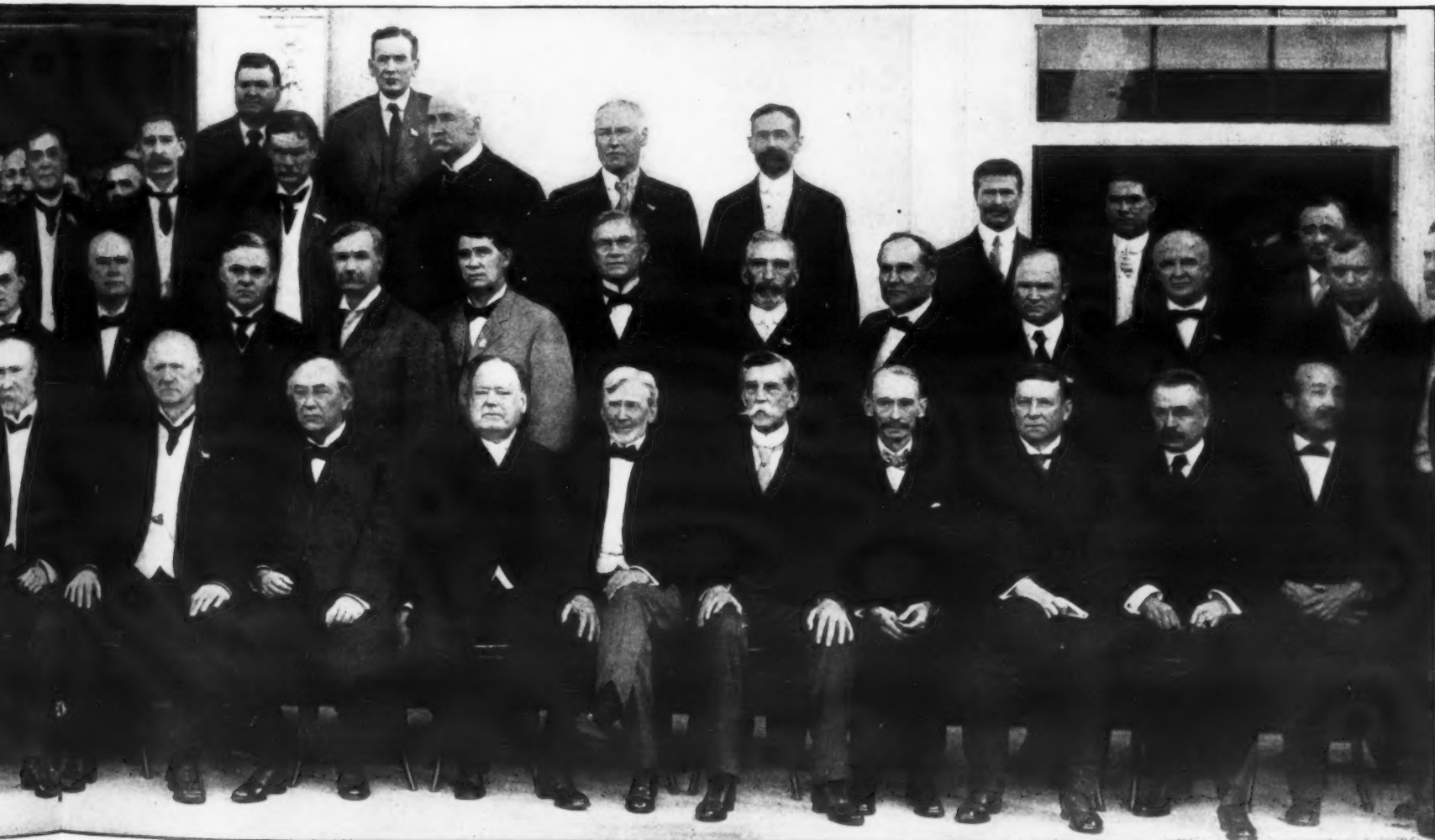
The Sailors on Parade

Coming down Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, on May 7

Governors at Washington, D. C.

coming a Spendthrift Nation," page 9)

Gov. Curry of New Mexico Gov. Johnson of Minnesota
Gov. Swanson of Virginia Gov. Crawford of South Dakota Gov. Stuart of Pennsylvania Ex-Gov. Hill of Maine Gov. Fear of Hawaii



Rhode Island Gov. Deneen of Illinois
PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS Mr. Justice Harlan Gov. Warner of Michigan Mr. Justice Brewer
Gov. Hanly of Indiana Mr. Justice White
Gov. Comer of Alabama Mr. Justice McKenna
Gov. Brooks of Wyoming Mr. Justice Holmes
Gov. Baugh of Colorado Mr. Justice Day
Gov. Gooding of Idaho Mr. Justice Moody
Gov. Hoggatt of Alaska Secretary Cortelyou
Secretary Bonaparte

The Failures

The Banker and His Brother, the Dreamer

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS



IT WAS not the sort of day that you would expect a man to commit suicide upon. Neither was it the sort of place that you would expect him to pick out for the act.

The spring had come late "up State"; and though a May sunlight lay in the open hollows of the woods in scented pools of heat, overhead among the tree-tops there was a boisterous March wind that came plunging through the branches with the sound of a surf. In these warm hollows the wood anemones were still maydaying—clustered together like picnicking children in holiday white, delighting in the sun and in the breeze that set them dancing. Out in the fields the first strawberry blossoms were wedding-wreaths in the grass; and the spring-beauties had already wandered off into shaded by-paths, where they seemed to wait a sentimental rendezvous in coquettish pink and white.

Matt Divins noted them all as he went by—observing the progress of the season by them—in much the same way that a city man notes the hour on the street clocks. His cotton shirt, his crossed suspenders and his trousers, soil-stained and shapeless, were of one yellowish drab color, as if they had been worn and washed and sun-faded down to the essence and common nature of all cloth; and he walked like a self-moving frame of bones—a frame of bones held together by sinews and covered with a weather-tight integument of leathery skin.

He was a "buckwheater" in that part of the lower Catskills—only a hundred miles from New York City—where the farmers still plow with oxen and thrash with flails. He was going fishing—with an alder pole and a rusty can of earth-worms.

His companion evidently did not intend to fish. As became a man of position in life, he wore black broadcloth and clean linen; and he walked, head forward, his shoulders high, every now and then shooting a keen glance sideways among the trees as if to surprise some one watching him. He was gray in the face and hard-set of feature. He bore down on his walking stick, stiff-armed, with dignity. "That house of yours," he was saying, "with a gate and no fence—and a door with no steps—is a disgrace. Why don't you build yourself a home fit to live in?"

Matt did not look up from under the brim of his greasy felt hat. "My house 's my own, I guess," he said mildly. "Any one that doesn't like it needn't look at it."

The other had eyes of a cold blue, pinched in wrinkles. The wrinkles tightened on them now—as his hand tightened on his walking stick—in an impatient repression of his contempt. "That's not the question."

"Besides, I don't need a fence there. The fields are fenced, an' the dog's always 'round the front door. He keeps out the cattle. I never got round to makin' steps. We don't need 'em any-way."

"You 'get round' to going fishing."

They were following an old "wood road" that led through a second-growth forest of beech and maple. It was a wood of gray tree-trunks and green underbrush, full of fairy vistas, where the sunlight was caught in a net of low-hung branches and tossed among entangling leaves.

Matt looked at the glimmering streak of water among the trees ahead. "I promised the missus I'd get some perch fer supper," he explained, "if they'll bite. The water's cold yet fer perch."

"Here!" the other cried. "I didn't come all the way up here to go fishing!" He had thrust his stick into the soft loam and stood anchored. "My time's valuable, if yours isn't. I have something to say to you, and I want you to hear it."

Matt had turned slowly. "Well?" He took off his hat and ran his hand up through his hair. (It was a thatch of black hair like the hide of an old Newfoundland dog, brown in spots and shaggy.) "You c'n stan' here if you want to," he said, "er you c'n come an' sit down in the punt an' not waste my time. I got to ketch some fish."

They looked at each other for an appreciable moment of suspense. There was something vaguely patient and even pathetic in Matt's defiant regard. The city man's eye flickered uncertainly, glanced off among the trees, came back to the old "buckwheater's" steady gaze, and surrendered its impatience. He growled: "Where do you want to go to?" And Matt put on his hat again and led the way without replying.

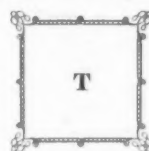
The man who followed him was his brother—his brother, the Honorable Benjamin Divins, a State politician of the party machine, the president of the D—ville National Bank, and a "financier" who had invested largely in companies that held public franchises. Matt and he had not met for the better part of a lifetime—not since their schooldays—not since Ben had hired himself to the owner of the village store and Matt had remained at home to work his father's rented farm.

The Honorable Benjamin had just driven out from



The man who followed him was his brother

the railroad at Clappsville, behind a pair of hired horses as shaggy as Highland cattle—and as slow—over six miles of hill roads that had been dissolved to the stones by spring rains. He had arrived cramped and short-tempered; and Matt had received him as if they had only parted over night—without even a handshake—with a mild acceptance of him that was worse than indifference, because indifference might have been assumed.



THEY had met in the roadway. Matt, instead of inviting his brother to the house, had led him toward the lake. He had acted as if the politician had come to buy a cow and must not be encouraged to think that the owner of the cow was aware of what he had come for. And now he led the way to the boat with an air of not caring whether the cow was ever mentioned again or not.

At the edge of the little mountain lake there was a flat-bottomed punt, unpainted, coffin-shaped, home-made, as crude as one of those "stone-boats" in which the Sullivan County farmer sledges the loose rocks from his fields. Its bow was tied to an unfinished wharf made of stakes driven in like a row of piles to hold in place a filling of loose rocks.

The Honorable Ben looked down at the boat and saw clumsy ignorance and backwoods poverty made manifest in the shape of a punt. He narrowed his eyes in a morbidly interested scrutiny of the wharf. (There was

a gruesome fatality connected with the history of that wharf; and he knew it.) He asked: "Where do you want to go to?"

Matt brought out a pair of oars from their hiding-place under the trunk of a fallen hemlock; and in reply to his brother's question he moved his head vaguely in the direction of the lower lake.

The politician took his place in the stern with the impatient pity of one who has to do with a doddering old man.

He underestimated the mental activity of his brother.

Matt, in fact, was known in the neighborhood as a bit of a "character." He had a theory of the earth's electric currents, from which he predicted the weather; he knew the medicinal properties of the local plants, and dosed himself, for liver chills and rheumatism, with his own prescriptions; he knew enough of law to keep out of litigation with a quarrelsome neighbor who let his cattle run wild, and enough of politics to vote independent of his party and despise the campaigns of the Honorable Ben. On account of his ill health and his meditative habits, he was the least successful farmer on the ridge; and his wife and his neighbors did not respect him for it. But his dog and his cattle had always made a friend of him, and so had his son—his son, who had recently died of a gunshot wound.

(That son, as he had landed from this same punt in which his father was now sitting, had tripped on the edge of the unfinished wharf; and his gun, caught by the trigger as he stumbled, had been discharged into his side.)

Matt rowed.

He rowed tediously, beaten from his course by the gusts of wind and recovering it without a word. He did not look up at the bursts of sunshine that were blown across the lake, in sudden glories, with the flying clouds. He seemed indifferent to the fact that this was his brother in the boat with him—until he had dropped his anchor-stone off Alder Point. Then he raised his eyes from his can of bait and examined the politician with a gentle regard that ended, at last, in: "Been doin' prutty well, Ben?"

The Honorable Ben nodded grimly, evidently thinking of whatever it was that he had come here to say.

Matt slowly crowded his hook with a bunch of wriggling worms. "Boys growin' up?"

"Whose?"

"Yours."

He thought it over. "Huh!" he grunted.

"What're they goin' in fer?" Matt asked.

He snapped impatiently: "Deviltry! Deviltry!"

Matt cast his line and meditated. "Rum?" he suggested.

His brother did not answer. His eyes were on the cold expanse of the clouded water. They focused suddenly, as if he were about to speak. Then he checked himself, blinked in the sunlight, looked at his watch, and asked in a harsh tone: "Well, what about the house? What do you want? Money?"

"I'll fix the house," Matt assured his fishing-line, "if that's all the trouble."

"Well, it's not all the trouble!" His voice was a bark of irritation. "They're throwing it up to me for letting one of my family live here in this sort of way. It isn't my fault, is it? What's the matter with you? Don't you care how you live? I'd think your wife 'd want to do better, if you wouldn't."

Matt replied, without any apparent resentment: "I didn't have your luck, Ben. I didn't marry money."

"If you think I'm living on my wife's money—She's given more to her church than she ever had when I married her."

After an interval of thought—during which the politician had relapsed into a scowling thoughtfulness again—Matt observed:

"She's took to religion, uh? . . . Well, that's better than rum."

The brother snorted contemptuously.

Matt looked up at him. "Are you what you'd call happy, Ben?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Nuthin'. Nuthin'. Only you don't like the way I'm livin' here—an' I was wonderin' what you're gettin' out o' life yerself."

Ben did not reply to this absurdity. He pulled his hat down upon his brows.

Matt fished. "People nowadays," he reflected, "don't seem to think there's any hell—so I guess we'll all be happy in heaven, uh? Think you're goin' there, Ben?" He added, in interpretation of his brother's eye-puckered silence: "Don't care whether you do er not, uh? Not botherin' you any."

"My religion's my own concern."

"I guess that's right." He nodded. "I guess that's right."

The boat swung around on its anchor-line, with the shifting wind. Matt drew in his hook, to see if it had caught on any of the brown lily-pads that had not yet lifted themselves to the surface of the water. "No perch comin', I guess."

The Honorable Ben broke out again: "I tell you

what's the matter with you: you're lazy. You'd sooner sit in a boat all day waiting for a five-cent fish to come to you than go out in the field and earn an honest dollar. That's why you're living the way you are. It's shiftlessness. It's laziness—sheer, damn laziness!"

Matt put the butt of his pole under his leg and took out his pipe.

"Ben," he said, slowly, "you've worked hard. You've worked hard. An' your two boys have gone to the devil with drink—an' your wife's tryin' to buy forgiveness fer you with the money you sinned to get—an' you're just about as happy as if you'd died already an' gone to the hell you don't believe in. You've worked hard, an' you've got what you've been workin' fer. Well—he lit his pipe deliberately—"you c'n have it. I don't want it."

The brother looked at him, summing him up, in a grim control of his surprise and anger.

Matt puffed.

"You folks that make money call us failures. You're the failures. You remind me of the bees in a hive, workin' yerselves to death to store up honey that's no use to you. The bumble bee's got more horse-sense. When it gets enough fer its family, it's satisfied. You tell me I'm lazy because I'd sooner be a bumble bee. I tell you you're just sort o' foolish."

"I'd like to buy you at my price and sell you at yours."

"You can't buy what ain't fer sale. You can't buy respec' from your wife—ner happiness fer her. You can't buy back your two sons from ruin. You've been so busy makin' money you've left everything else go to smash—everything that was worth more than money. You're a failure, Ben. I'm sorry fer you. That's the feelin' I have. I'm sorry fer you."

"Is that all? Is that all you have to say?"

Matt took up his rod again. "That'll do me."

"Good." He stretched out his arms to bare his wrists, like a man about to deal cards. "Now," he said, in a cold passion, "listen to me. There were some people over on the other side of the lake last summer. They used to row over here to get milk and eggs and so forth—from you. Do you remember?"

Matt nodded.

"They complained to your wife one day about that wharf of yours. She said it was *your* wharf, and like everything you did it was a failure. She said you never finished anything you started and never started anything you could put off. She said she was ambitious when she married you—a girl of good education—wanted to be a school-teacher. You were studying, then, at night, and she thought you were going to be another Abraham Lincoln. You were studying law. A little later you were reading medical books. Then you took to reading newspapers and talking politics. You studied everything but farming and did everything but attend to your work. When you moved out to the woods here, she gave up hope. She saw she'd never escape from poverty unless the boy pulled her out of it. And she kept him at school, and slaved for him and pushed him along, and let you do as you liked. . . . Well?"

Matt looked up, with the gaze of a man whose thoughts are turned inward upon himself and his past.

The brother clenched his hand. "That boy tripped on your wharf and shot himself! On *your* wharf—the wharf you were too lazy to finish. He tripped on one of the stakes you were too lazy to even off—and killed himself! Those people told me about it when I saw them in town. They told me your wife was as good as crazy—that she went around like a mad woman, stone dumb—that she never even shed a tear—that you'd killed the boy and worse than killed her. They found out that you were related to me, and they asked me to come up here and try to do something for your wife." He sat back with a contemptuous gesture of withdrawal from the discussion. "You tell me I'm a failure. *You?*"

Matt said hoarsely: "You don't understand. *She* don't either. I've been—All my life—" He looked down at his feet, clumsy in their "cowhides." "The boy was an accident. It might have happened anyway." He fumbled the pipe in his great hands. "A woman isn't responsible fer what she says, like that."

It was as if he found his tongue as clumsy as his feet, as fumbling as his hands, and struggled within himself, futilely, without expression, bewildered by this new and terrible view of himself as a criminal failure in life. He had always thought of himself as above his circumstances and better than his neighbors, as a thinker and a superior man.

He looked up at his brother pathetically. "I couldn't do the way you did. I couldn't go on workin' except I knew what I was workin' fer. I didn't want to live like a cow. I wanted to know what we were all livin' fer. I didn't want to make money just fer the sake o' makin' money, like you fellas in the city—"

"Look here," the other interrupted fiercely. "I want you to understand that I went after money because I

had brains enough to see that no one could live a healthy life without it. I saw *that*. I know all about that talk of gaining the whole world and losing your own soul. But you can't save your soul by losing the whole world either. Poverty—It was poverty that killed your boy, because you hadn't money enough to build a decent wharf. It's your poverty that makes your wife despise *you*. You want money—that's all! You're a failure because you tried to live without getting the means to live on."

Matt shook his head, humped over his knees. "What is it?" He straightened up suddenly, his face working with emotion. "What's the matter with things? Why'm I what you people think I am, when I tried to be what I *did*? Why are *you* what you are, when you used to be"—he choked up—"you used to be 'Benny'?"

That fond little name of their childhood came upon them from their past with a tender appeal that silenced them. They stared at each other; and Matt had a mist of tears in his eyes, and Ben looked as if he had seen a ghost.

(He had been "Benny." The old grindstone had stood



An old farmer sitting in a coffin-shaped punt, staring, horrified

by the well-sweep, under a tree in which a broken blade of a scythe was sticking. The chickens were pecking at the apples that strewed the grass in front of the porch. Their mother stood in the doorway to see them on their way to school—hand in hand, Matt, the elder, taking little "Benny"—

He glanced aside quickly at the green edge of Alder Point. "That's got nothing to do with it," he said.

Matt muttered to himself: "We're both failures!"

"Suppose we are," the brother broke in. "That's no reason why we should be fighting about it."

The sunshine burst upon their silence with a sudden light that seemed to make their emotion public and improper. Matt plucked at his line and drew it in to examine the bait. The Honorable Benjamin thrust his forefinger down between the back of his neck and his shirt-collar and made a pretense of easing the pinch of the linen. "Look here," he said, with a determined gruffness. "I came up here to say this: I'm looking for a bit of land to build on. The wife likes the country. I want a place for her to live—in case of trouble. We could get this land around here for a song, if you'd run the farm for us, or see that the natives didn't steal the whole damn place while our backs were turned. What's land worth up here?"

Matt replied: "Seven to ten dollars an acre."

"You could make farming pay here as well as anywhere, if you had the capital behind you. You could work it on shares if you liked."

Matt said nothing.

"Who owns this?" He waved a hand to the shores of the lake.

"The man I rent from—Coddington."

"Would he sell the whole thing—lake and all?"

"Yes. I guess so."

The man of large affairs nodded curtly. "Take me ashore here and we'll look it over."

Matt drew in his line, lifted his anchor-stone aboard, and apathetically took his oars. They splashed in the water as he pulled the boat around. His brother said, under cover of the action: "I want you to help my family, now, Matt—and I'll help yours."

Bending forward in his stroke, with his head down, Matt replied: "It ain't that. There's something wrong. If a man don't make money, he kills his children. An' if he *does*, they kill themselves. There's something wrong. Look at us. Look at any young uns, an' then see what they grow into. Look at how a man starts out in life to do the right thing—an' can't. There's something wrong with things." He paused to think it over, shook his head, and concluded, in a toneless resignation: "It's too much fer me. Too much fer me."

Ben rubbed his hands together, chilled by the wind. "Nonsense," he said, impatient of this moral questioning. "Nonsense. Let's look at the land. . . . I want you to buy it for me. I'll put up the money—and more too—but I don't want my name to appear in the matter at all, for reasons. Understand? I want this to be between us alone. Who's that?"

THE boat had swung around to point its nose toward the home shore again. There was a man in a top-coat and a derby standing at the landing.

"Who's that?"

A note of alarm in the voice startled Matt to attention. He caught the direction of his brother's eyes and turned in the bows. The man was a stranger to him. "I dunno," he said. "What's the matter?"

Ben reached a hand back to the tail pocket of his coat and said quietly: "Wait. Wait a minute. I think I know him. Don't row in. . . . In case anything happens. . . . I want you to buy that land for me. Understand?" He drew out a package of bank-bills, the size of a brick, strapped with elastic bands. He stooped to conceal his action from the man ashore, and threw the money along the bottom of the punt to his brother. It struck Matt's boot. "Whatever there's left over I want you to just put away safely for me. I'll trust you."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing. It's just the financial stringency. There's been a run on the bank. Things will be tied up for a while. I've saved this out. Understand? I want you to buy the land. Just put that in your pocket and say nothing about it."

Matt looked down at the money, without loosening his stiffened hold on the oars. "What's the matter? Why can't you buy it yerself?"

Ben glanced at the shore. The wind was carrying them slowly toward Alder Point. He said: "I'm in a little difficulty—for the time. That's my wife's money. I've saved it out of the smash." His impatience fluttered in his voice. "She'd be fool enough to give it up. Understand? I want you to buy the land for her, and keep what's left over until I see you again."

Matt drew back his foot from the package.

Ben said, anxiously: "I want you to work the place for us on shares. That's what I came up here for. Anything you need to fix your own place up, you're welcome to it, too. Understand? Just take what you want yerself. I'll trust you. You're honest." His voice had begun to grate in a dry throat. "It's money. That's what you want—money. Understand? Fix your house up. Make your wife happy."

Matt did not move.

"Listen! I can't keep that money myself. The bottom's dropped out of the market. I've lost everything but this. They'll take it. They'll take everything. I want you to use this for Mary and the boys. I'll trust you. We'll all go in together. You're getting too old to work. I'll see that you don't have to. . . . They can't touch me. I'll get out of it, I guess. But they'll pluck me to the last cent. I want you to keep this for me. Take it. Take it."

Matt sat motionless, his eyes on the money, as if he did not hear. The water lapped and chuckled along the side of the punt maliciously as a puff of wind hurried them toward the shore.

"Say! Say, Matt. Look here. For God's sake! It's all we have. Everything's gone to smash. They've been watching me while they—they've been going over the books. That's one of them at the landing. He's come to— Matt! Take it. Don't let them get it. Matt!"

Matt shook his head, without raising his eyes.

Their progress had put the Point between them and

the landing. The Honorable Benjamin, seeing that he was hidden from the man on the wharf, crouched, half-risen from his seat, grasping the thwart. "D— it!" he cursed in a fierce undertone, "aren't you good for anything? Won't you even save yourself and all the rest of us from the poorhouse now that you've got the chance? That man— Matt! Hide it! Hide it!"

Matt did not move. Ben looked back over his shoulder at the lake, reached one hand toward the money, and then said to himself desperately: "It'd float!"

There was a long pause and silence. The crackle of a trodden branch sounded from the laurel bushes. Ben sprang from his seat in a passion of angry despair, snatched off his hat and flung it at his feet, plucked from his hip pocket a bright metal object that flashed in the sunlight, and put it to his mouth in both hands, holding it as if it were a flask from which he was to drink. Then a little cloud of yellowish-blue smoke exploded from it and blew him backward, stiffly, over the stern of the boat—and his face was still distorted with an expression of anger as he fell, but his

eyes, meeting the blaze of the sunlight, looked surprised, startled, as if he had suddenly realized what he had done.

And when the man from the landing burst through the laurel bushes—with his warrant for the arrest of the president of the wrecked D—ville National Bank—he found an old farmer, with a pair of oars still grasped stiffly in his hands, sitting in a coffin-shaped punt, staring, horrified, at a spot of blood and bubbles on the water a few yards from shore—with a small fortune in bank-bills lying in plain view at his feet.

The Veterans

By ROBERT BRIDGES

THERE is something in their bearing when they walk,
In their gruff and hearty manner when they talk,
In the button on their coat
And the sinews of their throat
That silences the little men who mock.

YOU can know them by their strong and martial tread,
By the poise and brave assurance of the head,
By their glory in the flag
And the steps that never lag
In honor of the heroes who are dead.

WHEN the regulars tramp by with drum and fife
They are young again and palpitant with life;
For the vision that they see
Is but dim to you and me—
They are marching with the leaders of the strife.

FOR again they fight and win at Malvern Hill,
And at Winchester redeemed by Little Phil;
Or they plod along with Grant—
The commander free from rant—
Or repel the charge of Pickett with a thrill.

THEY believe that what they did was worth the pain—
That they built a free Republic with their slain—
And the monument they wrought
And the lesson that they taught
Bring the hope and glory back to us again.

NO, the Nation that they spent their youth to save
Has no shelter for the coward or the knave;
There's no room for grasping men
Or assassins of the pen—
But for men of faith and honor, and the brave!

History at Kill Devil Hill

A Description of the First Flight of the Wright Brothers' Aeroplane Witnessed by an Uninvited and Impartial Jury Representing the World at Large

Illustrated with photographs
by James H. Hare

By ARTHUR RUHL



FROM their ambush in the scrub timber the attacking party gazed out across a mile of level beach tufted with marsh grass to a long shed which, at that distance, looked like a pine box set on the sand. There were dazzling white sand-dunes, almost mountains, to the right; to the left, in the distance, more sand-dunes and a glimpse of the sea, and the Carolina sun, pouring down out of a clear sky, immersed everything in shimmer and glare.

To the left of the shed, two black dots, which were men, moved about something set on the sand. It was a rectangle of hazy gray lines, with a white streak at the top, which might have been taken for the white line a receding wave trails along the beach. To the attacking party, who had used railroads, steamboats, gasoline chug-chugs, had waded, climbed sand-mountains, and tramped miles over slippery pine needles to gain that particular spot of sun-baked, tick-infested sand, this white streak and the skeleton lines beneath it was, in a way, the centre of the world.

It was the centre of the world because it was the touchable embodiment of an Idea, which, presently, is to make the world something different than it has ever been before. The two little dots working out there in the sun knew more about this idea and had carried it farther than anybody else. The five bedraggled men crouching behind the trees were the first uninvited, as it were "official," jury of the world at large to see the thing in action and judge of its success. Really it was not four or five newspaper reporters, it was the world's curiosity which had ridden, climbed, waded, and tramped all those miles and now lay hiding there, hungry and insatiate, peering across the intervening sands.

It had come, as it always does come, after the planning and risking and working are over, and the dream is just about to become something simple and real. It had hunted out this buried, sun-glorified workshop. Quaintly embodied in the shapes of five weary young men, who wiped sweat from their foreheads, and now and then irritably discouraged ambitious "ticks" from crawling up their legs, it paused there at the edge of the woods as though embarrassed to go farther—as though its passive interest scarcely had the right to intrude upon those two busy little dots, who, while it had been amusing itself all these years with its futile distractions, had captured a real Idea, eaten, slept, worked with it and not deserted it for a day.

Suppose you ran a dingy little bicycle shop in a town like Dayton, Ohio, and a secret like that came to you—at least the partial answer to a riddle which men have been trying to solve—have even killed themselves for not infrequently—ever since they began to move about on the earth at all. Possibly it would oppress you somewhat, drive you off into the desert, where you might look at it calmly and unhurried and work at making it

exactly clear until an attacking party would be sent out to find out what you were doing.

Well, that was what happened to these Wright Brothers, Orville and Wilbur, six or seven years ago. One of them, shut in with a long illness, amused himself by reading all he could find about aerial navigation. When he was well, he and his brother set to work. They found that many accepted theories were not practicable in the field, and they made laws for themselves. They built a gliding apparatus—two planes set one above the other, with the operator lying on a sort of cradle across the centre of the lower one—with which they soared downward from hilltops.

They brought this gliding machine down to Kill Devil Beach, out beyond Albermarle Sound, off the coast of North Carolina, partly because of its convenient hills and wide sands and the helpful wind currents which always blow here, and partly to get away from humans. Close beside the pine shed in which they worked this spring is another, now tumbling to decay, where these shy, silent, indefatigable young men—"cranks" they

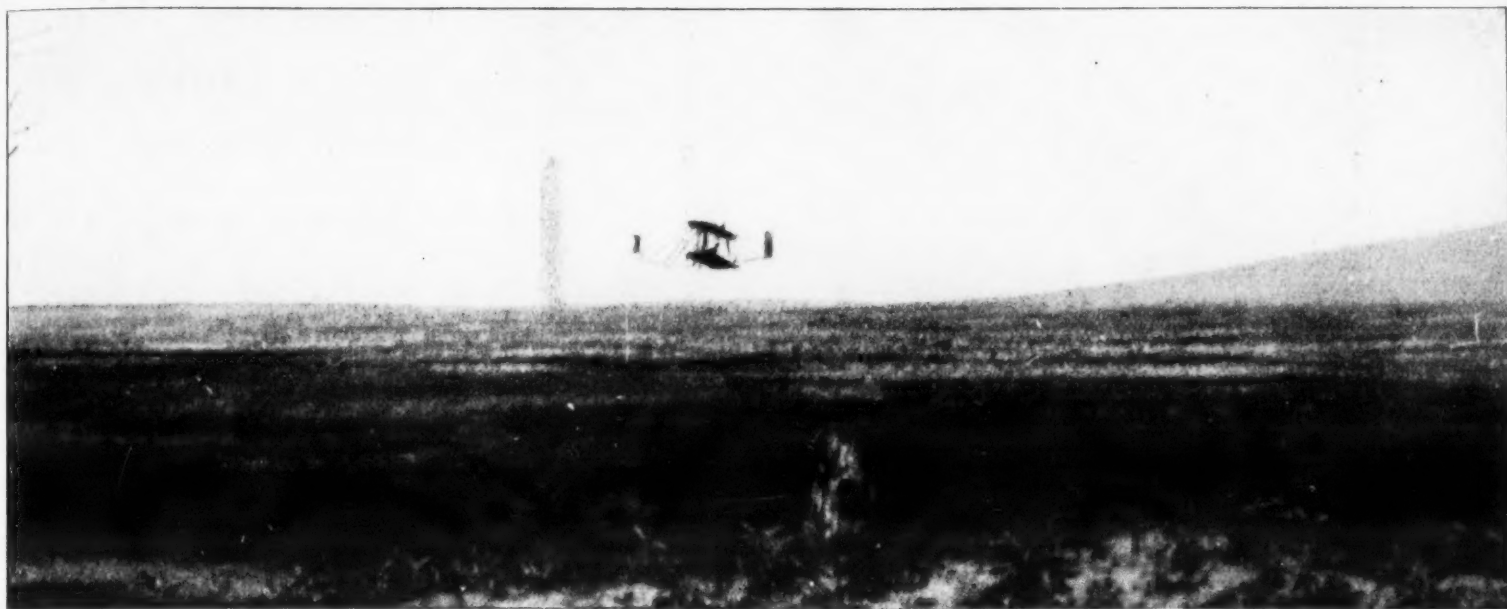
would have been if they hadn't succeeded—were working long before Farnam and Delegrange and Deutsch-Archdeacon prizes were heard of, and the crowd were reading new-world romances and wondering if people would ever really fly.

They learned a great many things. They saw that hawks and buzzards, which soar for miles without flapping a wing, are merely balancing on rising currents of air; that gulls, following a steamer for hundreds of miles, are merely sliding downhill on rising currents from her smoke-stacks or her wake. They learned what rate would sustain their aeroplane and its operator. They mastered the trick of balancing, so that even without any motive power they could remain motionless in one position in the air for as much as half a minute.

Finally, after three years' experiment, they fitted a gasoline engine to their machine. It weighed 240 pounds, developed twelve or thirteen horse-power, and the aeroplane, itself, with its operator, weighed about 745 pounds. On December 17, 1903, this machine made four flights on the Kitty Hawk Beach, in the longest



A portion of the "attacking party" in ambush behind the trees near Kitty Hawk Beach



The Wright Brothers' aeroplane going at a speed of forty miles an hour during a two-mile flight on the Kill Devil Beach

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of which it sustained itself in the air fifty-nine seconds and moved 852 feet against a twenty-mile wind.

The 1904 machine weighed, with operator and ballast, 925 pounds and had a sixteen-horse-power engine. With this they made some 150 flights, averaging, it is said, a mile apiece. The great difficulty was that of equilibrium; to turn and keep the machine on an even keel in the continuously changing air currents. After many experiments in a swampy meadow near Dayton they caught the knack of this. Six flights made in the autumn of 1905 averaged over fifteen miles each, and once, they say, in a curved course, they flew twenty-four miles, at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Nothing that the cleverest of the Europeans has yet done compares with this, and naturally people began to talk. Newspaper correspondents and other pilgrims journeyed to Dayton, even penetrated to the upstairs of the little bicycle shop. The brothers were very pleasant and very embarrassed and shy. Orville, a winning, studious-looking man of perhaps thirty-five, did the talking; Wilbur, taller and older, with the high bald head, long nose, and deeply lined face of one who would apparently say something rather dry and droll if he said anything at all, sat by. It was about as difficult to get anything out of them as out of a couple of furtive wood animals. They wanted no publicity. All they asked was to be left alone.

The 1908 machine, which an unlucky accident smashed the other day, was similar to others of recent years, the most noticeable change being that the operator sits upright, instead of lying down flat, as in the original gliding machine. I have seen it fly and seen it on the ground close enough to touch it, and I believe that in issuing a personal challenge to the Wrights for a race, Mr. Henri Farman has shown a sporting spirit almost heroically admirable. As it must be described with technical accuracy so soon, however—its flights for the Government taking place in August—I shall not attempt to describe it in detail here.

Roughly speaking, it is very similar in appearance to the bi-plane machine with which Farman won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize, except that the box-kite rudder,

which projects rather ponderously some distance behind Farman's machine, is replaced here by a small, vertical fin rudder, set directly behind the machine like a fish's tail. In front is a bi-plane rudder similar to the main bi-plane in miniature, with which the machine is steered up and down. The two main planes are each constructed in three sections, the centre one rigid, the two outside "wings" so jointed that when the big bird tips laterally, a pull on a lever causes one wing to lift slightly and the other to be depressed. The angle of resistance is thus increased in the latter wing uniformly with its decrease in the other and the machine returns to an even keel. The engine is of thirty horse-power, and two men are carried with as much apparent ease as one.

Just about the time that Léon Delegrange broke the European record at Issy by flying two miles and a half without touching the ground, the Wright Brothers made their spring trek across Albemarle Sound and hid on the beach behind Kill Devil Hill. They built a shed out of pine boards, dug a well, set the flour and bacon and the apple-box against the wall, and started in to work. One machinist was with them, otherwise their existence of talking, thinking, eating, and sleeping flying machine was untroubled from one glaring day's beginning to another, except when an occasional life-saver strolled down the beach from Nag's Head, or a gull, circling round overhead, piped down faintly at his rivals.

Kill Devil Hill and Kitty Hawk Beach are, you might say, at the end of the world. You go to Norfolk, then down into Carolina and across a corner of the Dismal Swamp country to Elizabeth City. Then, if you arrive before the early afternoon, you embark on a sort of converted oyster-boat for a six-hour chug down the Pasquotank River and across Albemarle Sound. At nightfall you reach Roanoke Island and the ancient town of Manteo. It was on Roanoke Island that Raleigh's lost colony landed, and from here they disappeared, leaving behind only the word "Croatan" carved on a tree.

You can still see the ruins of their little star-shaped fort a few miles out into the pines and sand from Manteo, and in the front yard of the Hotel Tranquil is a mound of barnacle-covered stones, part of the ballast of Raleigh's ship, which the colonists cast overboard so that they could cross the bar. You sit on the porch of the Tranquil House, then, looking at these stones, and breathing that velvety Carolina air, sweet with the odor of the pine-needles and bay-leaves it has blown across, and listen to the story of the Lost Colony and Virginia Dare. It is a nice little town, with that air of individuality and pleasant isolation which island towns have, and as one strolls to the post-office, at one end of it, or to the weather bureau at the other, where the young telegraph operator, in his shirt-sleeves, sits ticking rumors about the flying machine out to the great world, the little girls one meets step aside from the path and say: "Good evening!" very kindly and respectfully.

At five the next morning you catch the launch that chugs chugs out to Nag's Head and Kitty Hawk with the mail. It seems like going out to sea, but, as a matter of fact, it is going to the mainland, because the strip of beach that encircles the whole North Carolina coast, like a sort of front-porch rail, sometimes a mile or two out, sometimes, as at Cape Hatteras, far out of sight at sea, here extends unbroken clear up into Virginia and Cape Henry. Out of the chug-chug half a mile from shore and into a skiff, across the gunwales of which, as it is poled miraculously shoreward with one oar, the rollers sleepily climb and deposit themselves in your lap. If you stand, the skiff will sink, and to sit requires fortitude and repose of manner almost superhuman. At the precise moment of swamping, the boat conveniently touches bottom and you wade ashore.

Then comes the tramp through the woods to the Kill Devil sand-hills. Geographically, this may be only four or five miles, but measured by the sand into which your shoes sink and which sinks into your shoes, the pine-needles you slip back on, the heat, and the "ticks" and "chiggers" that swarm up out of the earth and burrow

into every part of you, it seems about thirty-five. After a couple of hours the woods give way at last, the squirrels and the razor-backs are left behind, and you come out into the glare of the sand-hills.

The Roc in Flight

THIS, when our attacking party arrived there, was the enemy's country. The shortest way, of course, would have been to climb up one side and down the other, and thus descend directly on the beach and the aeroplane camp. And then there would have been no flights that day. We must needs, therefore,

act exactly as if a platoon of sharpshooters were entrenched on the other side, with their fire raking the summit of the slope, turn to the left and make a wide detour to gain the timber on the farther side. A swamp came up close to the skirts of the sand-hills. We waded midway up the slope, the sand over our shoe-tops, and blowing off the summit, in the continuous ocean breeze, like faint smoke from a chimney. At last we debouched on solid ground and an open space, and the long, loose-jointed correspondent of the Norfolk "Landmark," who was leading the attack with the experience drawn from getting up at four o'clock every morning for ten days and tramping through these same woods, motioned casually off toward the right. "There they are!"

Obviously, a gross tactical blunder. The pine box and the little busy dots were no more than a mile away and nothing between us but open ground and heat shimmer. He should have been court-martialed, undoubtedly, but there was no time then to reason why, nothing for it but to drop below the line of vision and crawl for the nearest cover.

All went well enough until a swampy inlet intervened, to skirt which would be to expose ourselves fatally. Several priceless minutes were wasted in carrying dead limbs to the bog and throwing them in, in the hope of bridging it—abandoned as impractical. The Japanese war veteran, recalling tactics at the Yalu, thought that a screen of bamboo branches should be erected to mask an advance. A careful search was made, but no bamboo could be found. An argument then ensued as to whether greater risk would be run by crossing the zone of fire in a body, in one quick rush, or by dribbling over one by one. There was, obviously, much to be said on both sides, but as every one continued advancing while he talked, and was presently across, it can scarcely be held that either tactical theory was properly tested or substantiated. A quick rush, in open skirmish order, through the underbrush, a junction at the farthest sheltered point, and there lay the "enemy" in unobstructed view, scarcely a mile way.

Suddenly, just behind the rectangle, there was a quick flicker. Two whirling circles appeared, and across the quiet distance came a sound like that of a reaper working in a distant field. The circles flashed and whirled, faster and faster, then the white streak above tilted, moved forward, and rose. Across the flat, straight for the ambush, it swept, as fast as an express train. It grew into shape as it approached, the planes, rudders, the operator, amidships—swerved and tilted slightly, righted itself, dipped and rose, now close to the ground, now thirty or forty feet above it. It had come perhaps half a mile when the operator saw, for the first time apparently, a dead tree-trunk directly in his path. He swerved, but had to alight, coming down easily with a slight splutter of sand.

Some more little dots—men from the life-saving station, who had remained behind, hurrying out with a couple of low wheels. These were put under the machine, the propellers started, and away the quaint bird rattled to the starting-point again, the men trotting alongside like little boys. Again it was put on the starting-rail. Two climbed in this time. Again the propellers started, the white streak tilted and rose, and the hazy rectangle, with the two dots amidships, bore down across the field.

(Concluded on page 26) 19

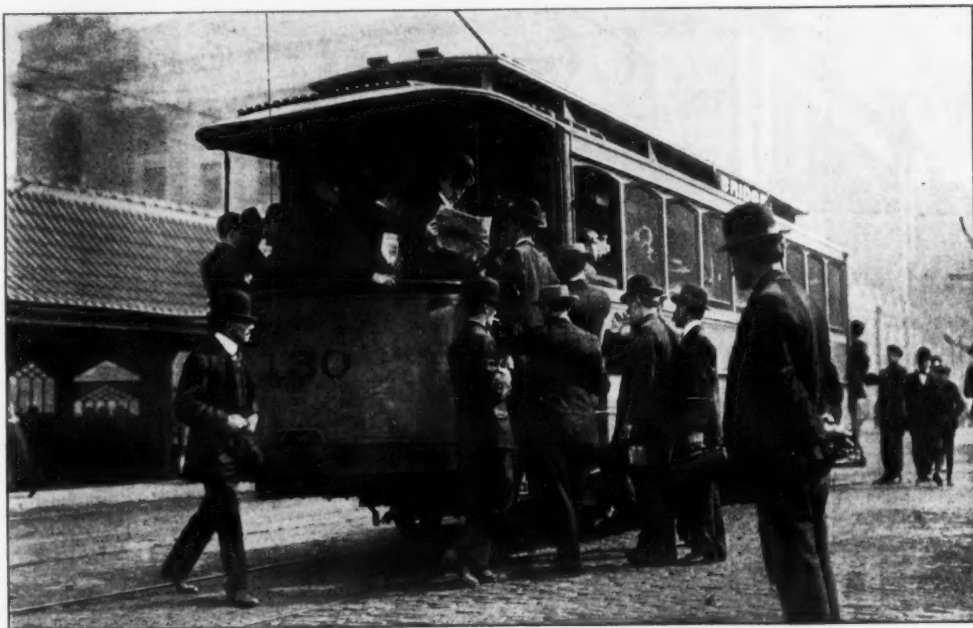


Skirmishers advancing along the Kill Devil sand-hills



The Substitute Trolley

Every sort of vehicle was chartered to get passengers around Cleveland in the opening days of the strike



One of the Few

The occasional cars that did make the rounds were loaded to the gunwales



Incidents of the Strike -

Express wagons were used to get citizens to and from work

Cleveland's Street Railway Strike

Cleveland is in the midst of a general street railway strike, and the public is undergoing the usual tie-up of passenger traffic, with the accompaniments of flying rocks, the cutting of overhead wires, and general roughness. The street car men's union, which has called a strike on the local lines, alleges that, in taking over the Cleveland Electric Railway, the Municipal Traction Company has discharged the old employees, who have been conductors and motormen for years, and substituted new men in order to cut down expenses and break the union. The Municipal Traction Company, whose avowed purpose is to run the street cars of Cleveland at actual cost and not for profit, is one of the pet schemes of Mayor Tom Johnson for the betterment of Cleveland

What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

The Rate Deadlock

THE railroads find themselves in a perplexing situation. When their revenues began to fall off after the panic they began to consider how to cut down expenses. But the steel manufacturers refused to make any reduction in the prices of materials, and Mr. Gompers, encouraged by President Roosevelt, served notice that no reduction in wages would be accepted without a fight. Then the roads began to discuss the possibility of increasing revenues by raising freight rates. But the representatives of fifty commercial organizations meeting at Chicago on May 15 put up the "No Thoroughfare" sign there. Mr. W. C. Brown, vice-president of the New York Central, defended the proposed increase as the only alternative to a substantial reduction in wages, which could become effective only after "a conflict with organized labor, universal, prolonged, and which would cost the business interests of the nation ten times the amount involved in any possible increase in freight rates."

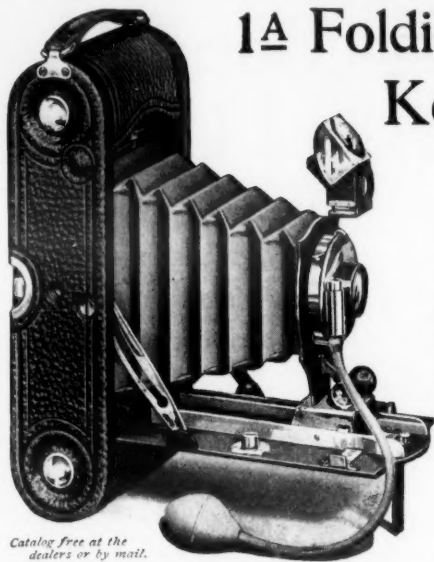
Mr. Brown thought that "the effect of a moderate increase in railroad rates, accepted by the public and approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in restoring confidence in railway investment, would do more to put in motion the wheels of industry and start the country upon a new era of prosperity than anything else that could possibly be done." He believed that it would give employment to the hundreds of thousands of railroad men who were out of work, as well as to the idle employees of the locomotive and equipment factories, the rolling mills, and the mines. But this alluring picture failed to move the shippers, and they resolved that the carriers should submit to the Interstate Commerce Commission the propriety and reasonableness of the proposed increase, holding it in abeyance until the Commission should hear the parties in interest and pass upon the question. Their own view was that the proposition of the railroads to "put acute additional burden upon the business interests of this country," "in the teeth of the present universal business impairment," called for "immediate protest and opposition," and they resolved that if the carriers did not accept their offer to submit the issue to the Interstate Commerce Commission they would "take prompt and decisive steps in the appropriate judicial tribunals in the territory to be affected by such increase to stop such action by injunction or otherwise."

A Sensational Robbery

A STARTLING crime has just been exposed, and, as usual, not by professional detectives, but by a scientific amateur. A royal tomb has been rifled. The robbers took the body of the King out of its sarcophagus, stole all the jewels with which it was decorated, and left the body on the floor of the tomb. The corpses of three court ladies who had been buried in the same vault were robbed in the same way. The despoiled monarch was Haremhebi, the last King of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Egypt, which preceded the dynasty of Rameses. The crime was discovered by Mr. Theodore Davis, who had a hundred diggers cutting through solid rock for three months before the passage to the royal tomb was struck. The robbery is supposed to have been committed about 3,500 years ago. The criminals have not yet been apprehended.

Ready For Flight

BUT for the unfortunate accident which wrecked the new machine of the Wright Brothers on its longest flight—a mishap in no way the fault of the machine itself—the whole world would probably have admitted before now that the conquest of the air had been achieved. As it is, the Wrights expect to be ready to meet the requirements of their contract with the Government in August. Meanwhile other experimenters are pressing close in their wake. The aeroplane White Wing, one of five of different models to be built by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell's Aerial Experimental Association, sailed 275 feet at Hammondsport, New York, on May 18, under the guidance of its designer, Captain F. W. Baldwin. It worked well and gave promise of much better records when its gear should be perfected. At a meeting of the Aero Club of America on the same evening it was said that at least twenty members of the club were experimenting with aeroplanes. Mr. A. M. Herring, who is one of the contractors for the army signal service flying machines, expressed the belief that a machine would soon be devised which would "automatically follow a steady



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Every machine is guaranteed to be just as here represented and to give absolutely satisfactory service. Give it a thorough trial for a week; then, if for any reason you are not thoroughly satisfied with it, let us know, and your money will be refunded at once.

We ask merely that you give us a chance to prove that our perfect little machine gives, in general, more satisfactory service, month in and month out, than any other means or system of utilizing the great Vacuum Cleaning principle.

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course and require that the operator deal only with details of management."

The "Stiletto" Stabbed

A miniature naval disaster in Narragansett Bay

THE first torpedo-boat of the United States navy came to grief on May 18 when the launch *Breaker* smashed a hole in the side of the *Stiletto* on Narragansett Bay. The *Stiletto* was rushed for shore with her twenty men crowded to one side to heel the boat and keep the hole above water, and she was successfully beached without loss of life.

In the day of small things, more than twenty years ago, when the new navy was a baby, the *Stiletto* was a rich man's toy. She was a Herreshoff-built wooden yacht, eighty-eight feet long, and she could make what was then the wonderful speed of over eighteen knots. The Government bought her for \$25,000, which was something over one-fortieth part of the cost of one of our latest torpedo-boat destroyers, and for the first time our navy had a torpedo-boat. We were very proud of her at the time. She is still carried on the Navy List, and she has the distinction of being the only wooden torpedo-boat in our service, and perhaps the only one in any navy of the world.

Debs and Hanford

The Socialist ticket of 1904 again in the field

THE first of the national tickets is in the field. In a convention at Chicago that lasted for nine days the Socialist Party nominated its candidates of 1904—Eugene V. Debs of Indiana for President and Benjamin Hanford of New York for Vice-President. The rash proposal to put up Haywood, which a few months ago seemed certain of adoption, was dropped, and Mr. Haywood's name, at his own desire, was not presented to the convention. The scheme of union with the Socialist-Labor Party was rejected, and that negligible faction was left to natural decay.

The platform, while it would have been considered radical if presented in a Republican, or even a Democratic, convention, would not have seemed extreme in a convention of Populists, and for a Socialist program may be regarded as conservative. It demanded the national ownership of railroads, telegraphs, telephones, steamships, and all other means of transportation and communication, the national ownership of all industries organized on a national scale and in which competition had virtually ceased to exist, and the extension of the public domain to include mines, quarries, oil wells, forests, and water-power. This was as far as the social revolution was to go at this time.

There followed a long list of demands requiring no change in the present social system. The Socialists believe in the scientific reforestation of timber lands and the reclamation of swamp lands. They want "absolute freedom of press, speech, and assemblage," taxation of church property, improvement of the industrial conditions of workers, graduated income and inheritance taxes, the political emancipation of women, the initiative and referendum, proportional representation, and the right of recall. They propose to abolish the Senate, dispense with the veto power of the President, elect judges for short terms, and allow the Constitution to be amended by majority vote.

To Revise the Tariff

House and Senate Committees to sit during recess

CONGRESS has given a definite pledge of tariff revision by authorizing committees to sit during the recess and collect information. It has refused to create a tariff commission, and the work is to be done by the regular committees of both houses, sitting separately. The Senate gave its Finance Committee authority to employ expert assistants, and, among other things, to collect proof of the relative cost of production in the United States and the principal competing countries. It is to be presumed that the committee will not make the mistake perpetrated in the celebrated Senate tariff investigation of 1888, when it was officially recorded that the labor cost of the chief American products was less than that of similar things produced abroad.

For the House, the Ways and Means Committee is to carry on an investigation of its own, but it will not begin its public

hearings until after election. Mr. Payne, the chairman of the committee, explained the new Republican tariff program. The new tariff was to be a protective tariff, with maximum and minimum schedules, "putting us on an equality with France, Germany, and Russia in that respect." The most interesting question will be whether the urgent necessity of husbanding our national resources, which led President Roosevelt to call the recent White House conference, will open the eyes of the Republican revisers to the importance of putting coal, iron ore, and wood products on the free list. It will be hard to resist the pressure to do something, now that the influence of the manufacturers has been subtracted from the stand-pat side and added to the reform forces. At its recent session the Manufacturers' Association became really savage over the law "taxing the American people for the benefit of monopolists."

Burrows at Chicago

Senator Beveridge will not make the "keynote speech"

THE ambition of Senator Beveridge to open the Republican National Convention as temporary chairman has been disappointed. The subcommittee on arrangements has decided that Mr. Beveridge is a little too devoted to President Roosevelt, and has picked out Senator Julius Caesar Burrows of Michigan, a trusty old political war-horse, who is highly acceptable to "the interests." "The interests" feel that, as they have accepted the President's candidate for the succession, it is only fair that they should have the little favor of picking the man who is to "strike the keynote" of the campaign (if a campaign can have a keynote) in opening the convention.

Profits in Insolvency

One industry that hard times can not hurt

SOME of the banking receiverships in New York have commanded the admiration of all who appreciate the higher developments of thrift, but even New York receivers may profitably take post-graduate courses in their art in Chicago. The Union Traction Company is now emerging from a receivership that has lasted for five years. The experience has already cost the stockholders about \$1,880,000, and the returns are not all in yet. It is only fair to say, however, that the expenses directly connected with the receivership itself have amounted to only \$733,021.57. The rest of the money has gone for the protection of the rights of stockholders—mostly to lawyers. Even of the three-quarters of a million allotted to the receivers, more than half has gone to special counsel, who, in Chicago as in New York and elsewhere, always have the first and the last pickings from the bones of an insolvent corporation.

President and Governors

Executives grow at the expense of Congress

IN THE hands of President Roosevelt, the Conference on National Resources, described elsewhere, was a whip-lash, cracking his mastery about the ears of a snarling Congress. The Governors brought the public opinion of the continent to a focus. When the President injected an "interlude" into his prepared speech, announcing that if Congress did not follow his advice to appropriate money to perpetuate the Inland Waterways Commission, he would perpetuate it himself, they screamed with delight. But after they had thought things over awhile, they had a little access of independence on their own account. They decided that, much as they admired the President and glad as they would be to come to the White House whenever he or any of his successors invited them, they would like to have an organization of just Governors, which would meet every year where it pleased, without the shadow of a dominating personality, and discuss marriage and divorce, extradition, the use of the militia, and any other matters of State interest that might happen to come up. The result is that we may have two meetings of Governors in a year, neither of which will conflict with the other. The effect of this development must be a great increase in the importance of the office of Governor. Most of the present holders of that office are looking toward Senatorships as a promotion, but the time may be near when a Governor will be a greater man than a Senator.

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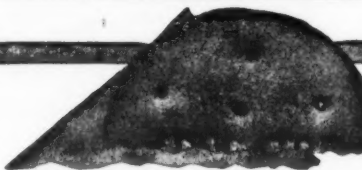
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and safety on railways by limiting the number of hours during which trainmen could be kept at their dangerous and nerve-shaking tasks, got through the Senate with only a few imperfections, but was afterward, in the House, filled so full of additional imperfections that it would have come out worthless had it not been for vigorous action taken by the President.

To go back now from the second to the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress, it may be noted that the Meat Inspection and Pure Food laws, though they had so much trouble in the House, had practically none in the Senate. They had passed the Senate without serious difficulty before they even reached the House.

"Bill" and "Joe's" Street Cars

IT MAY also be noted that the Railroad Rate law, though long debated in the Senate, was greatly strengthened while it was there. Its constitutionality was rendered more certain, and many progressive amendments were made to it, notable among which were those relating to the Pullman Car Company, the express companies, and the Standard Oil pipe lines.

In Joseph G. Cannon of Illinois the United States now possesses the most stationary political object ever exhibited within its boundaries. Not reactionary. That implies movement. Just stationary, fixed, embedded, like a rock in a glacier. The Republican Party, like the glacier itself, slow, remorseless, irresistible, moves crunchingly onward, and carries Mr. Cannon with it. But it is not his motion. It is the glacier's. He remains personally motionless at the same relative point on the glacier's broad bosom.

The Republican Party has carried Mr. Cannon down to us intact from the period of the seventies, the period when he first touched national politics at Washington, the period when the National Government first began to be submerged by private interests.

It was the dawn of a distinct era in American history. The stretch of years from the accession of Grant to the accession of Roosevelt is now acquiring, in retrospect, a definite, if not glorious, character as the era of the complete predominance of private over public interests in the United States.

It was an era in which, for the first time since independence, private men became more important than public men, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company became more important than the State of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Cannon typified that era even in his private relations with his brother "Bill." It has already been explained how "Bill" got to be a bigger man in Danville than "Joe." "Bill" was business. "Joe" was only politics.

But "Joe's" politics, of course, helped "Bill's" business just as politics everywhere was helping business, and being despised for it.

In the late nineties the Illinois State Legislature passed a law designed to allow Mr. Yerkes of Chicago to get a street railway franchise for a longer term than twenty years. Twenty years had previously been the longest term possible. This law, known as the Allen Law, in memory of its chief advocate, was blown out of the statute books by a storm of popular anger before Mr. Yerkes could profit by it. But "Bill" Cannon was more strongly intrenched in Danville than Mr. Yerkes was in Chicago. He got an extension ordinance through the Danville City Council for his street railway before the Allen Law was repealed. It was the most scandalously venal law ever passed by an Illinois State Legislature. The Cannons were the only street-car owners who profited by it. Naturally, after all, "Charley" Allen, who introduced the bill and gave his name to it, was from the Cannon district. He was part of the Danville Republican machine.

The Secretive Speaker

INCIDENTS like this do not bother Mr. Cannon. They do not stir him to a storm of anger. All that "Charley" Allen did was to make it possible to transfer public interests to private interests for a longer term than formerly. And that falls in line with Mr. Cannon's own conception of the general welfare, even when his own pocket-book is not concerned. He would reduce public enterprise to a minimum. He would swell private enterprise to a maximum.

"Sir," he said in the Forty-fifth Congress, "the function of the Federal Government is to afford protection to life, liberty, and property. When that is done, then let every tub stand on its own bottom, let every citizen 'root hog or die.' And let him root into the public domain if he wants to. The more we give of the public domain to private enterprise,



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So will you if you will try it for toilet or bath.

It is the largest package and the finest powder. Essence of Riviera Violets gives it unique odor. Large Glass Jars, 25c. If your druggist has none, he will readily order it for his wholesaler at your request.

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We want you to know by experience, the fine quality of this talcum.

Your name and address on a postal will bring generous sample.

Lehn & Fink
119 William St.
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Bailey's Rubber Shampoo Brush

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75c



It thoroughly cleanses the scalp and hair of all impurities, leaving both in a clean and healthy condition, simply by using with pure soap and water.

FOR BATHING

It cleanses the skin of soil and oily waste, improves the circulation, builds up the muscles. Always sanitary.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush . . . \$.50
Bailey's Rubber Massage Roller50
Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush75
Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush 1.50
Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small)25
Bailey's Skin Food (large jar)50

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**10 Cents for This
DEVELINE WHISTLE
and a big book of
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The greatest whistle ever invented. Makes a shrieking, whirling noise that is heard as you blow. You can't describe it—it can't be described. It's entirely different from any other whistle. Sent postpaid for ten cents (coin or stamp) to introduce our 280 page book, No. 417, of guns, tents, camp supplies, athletic goods, games and novelties.
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For those who can devote even but little of their time is found in securing subscribers to **SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE**
For Booklet describing offer of **LIBERAL CASH COMMISSION** address Dept. B, care of **SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 155 5th Ave., New York**

What difference does it make—isn't a business letter just the same on foolscap? The wording is the same, but the effect may be different; and the vital thing in a business letter is its effect. The scale is often turned by a momentary pleasure.

The standard paper for business stationery

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for this Water Mark"

brings your proposition to a busy man's desk as the fine illustrations of a magazine carry its articles. "Win the eye," said a master in diplomacy, "and the eye will plead with the ear."

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is an inexpensive advocate; it wins a great many cases.

That it pays always to use OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for commercial stationery is the testimony of prudent business men.

Prove this for yourself—have your printer show you the OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND Book of Specimens, or better still, write us for a copy. It contains suggestive specimens of letterheads and other business forms, printed, lithographed and engraved on the white and fourteen colors of OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND. Please write on your present letterhead.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

South Hadley Falls
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SE=NO SUSPENDERS

Fasten to trouser hip buttons and support them perfectly without injury to the skin. The sliding action distributes the strain equally; no pull on shoulders or buttons; different and superior to any other invisible suspenders because they adjust themselves to every movement of the body. Wear modern SE=NO suspenders and enjoy real Summer comfort; light, durable, practical; easy on and off. Simple instructions with each pair. Refuse substitutes. The genuine are stamped "SE=NO" on buckle. 50 cents, at all good shops, or by mail, postpaid. "FAULTLESS" GARTERS for wear with knee drawers, have two flat clasps that support the hose on both sides of the leg, prevents sagging or wrinkled hose, no metal to touch the skin. The perfect garter for short drawer wearers. Equally desirable for wear with full length drawers. State size—large, medium or small. 50 cents of your dealer, or of us by mail, postpaid.

EAGLE SUSPENDER COMPANY
Makers of Suspenders, Garters, Belts
12th and Race Streets Philadelphia

Exceptional Business Opportunity

BIG MONEY
has been made printing business and calling cards, postals, tickets, etc., on this wonderful new high speed Automatic Card Press.



Automatic Card Printing Press and Complete Outfit, \$250, includes press, cabinet, display signs, 14 fonts standard type, 10,000 cards, tools—everything necessary start you in permanent profitable business. Albert Aranson, Louisville, Ky., writes "I made my money back the first month—making more now." A practical press, size 12 x 12 x 24 inches, self feeding and inking, prints 150 cards per minute in sizes from 12 to full postal size. Catalog free—write today. AUTOMATIC PRINTING PRESS CO., CHICAGO Factory: 157 E. Jefferson St. Sales Office: 169 Dearborn St.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERS

IN TWO MONTHS we can fit you for a position as Professional Chauffeur, Salesman, Garage or Repair Shop Manager. You can start at once in a congenial line of work where salaries exceed average compensation. Our HOME STUDY COURSE, by mail, teaches everything about handling and repairing all makes of cars; does not interfere with your present business. WRITE TO DAY FOR FREE PICTURES. Personal instruction (day or night), at our big New York Schools is preferred.

New York School of Automobile Engineers
148 W. 56th Street, New York City

NOTE!—In one week recently we graduated 12 men. In 24 hours 13 had positions at \$25 a week on a start and 2 were out on trial at \$25.

the better it will be, in the long run, for the country.

This is the reason why Mr. Cannon can appoint a man like Mondell of Wyoming to the chairmanship of the House Committee on Public Lands, a man who hates the public development of public lands, a man who yearns for their private exploitation, a man who is utterly out of sympathy with public national forests, a man who this very year has introduced bills for transferring the invaluable water-power of the streams on the public lands of the United States to private corporations on financial terms purely nominal and with no time limits at all, thus creating monopolies compared with which our present municipal monopolies would be Lilliputian.

If Mr. Cannon would write an autobiography, or if he would consent to having his conversation taken down, it would furnish a complete picture of the business era in the history of the American Republic from the time when public life died with the settlement of the slavery question to the time when it revived with the approaching settlement of the question of monopoly.

No reporter could ever listen to a more interesting story from more interesting lips. But those lips will never be opened for that purpose. They are too clearly a consistent part of a face which, while the most suggestive in America, is also the most secretive.

No face makes you want to know more. No face tells you less.

The short, stiff hair that encircleles its lower half gives it an appearance of combativeness, but equally an appearance of concealment. That uplifted, defiant beard seems to smile at interrogation. So does the long, cruel nose. So does the florid complexion which mendaciously gives the lie to long nights of eating, smoking, drinking, card-playing, and speech-making, and remains as florid as ever.

And the eyes! They are the most knowing eyes in any human head. But equally the most unspoken. No reporter has ever got from them an even momentary flicker of self-revelation. They might as well have been forged at Pittsburgh out of real steel.

A Discontented Donkey

BUT, while they reveal nothing, they are, after all, the most vulnerable points in Mr. Cannon's countenance. The rest of it is as rugged as a medieval, rock-built fortress. The eyes are tender. More than tender. Sad. Even the word "sad" isn't enough. If the truth must be spoken, they are the most curiously and hauntingly pathetic eyes that any reporter ever interviewed. They would furnish an artist with his inspiration for a perfect portrait of disillusioned, inarticulate sorrow.

Why are they like that? They gaze at the world like two women from the deep recesses of fortress windows. Or, better, since there is nothing feminine about them, like two wounded soldiers, sick unto death.

Were they like that before his wife died? His steady poker-playing, which began after his wife's death, in an effort to forget her, might account, by itself, for that repelling, baffling look. So tragedy merges into comedy, and nobody will ever know, in Mr. Cannon's case, any more than in the case of the obscurest private citizen in America, where one ends and the other begins.

All that the reporter can see is the "Joe" Cannon who walks up and down the aisle of a campaign car singing camp-meeting hymns at the top of his voice, who stops to tell an indescribably filthy story, and who then ends up by exclaiming, with apparent deep reverence, as he did at Danville in a campaign speech in 1906:

"God bless the people of Danville; God bless the people of Illinois; God bless the 80,000,000 people who constitute the Republic."

That is one side of his public character—an intimate intermingling of religiosity and vulgarity. When he addressed the Illinois Republican State Committee in Chicago in 1906 he gave three minutes to acknowledging, perfunctorily, the value of the reforms of the last decade, and then thirty minutes to getting even with the reformers.

And he got fully even with them in just one simile. Most of them, he said, were like a discontented donkey he once knew. It was impossible to say whether they were braying because they were kicking or kicking because they were braying.

The more that remark is considered, the funnier it grows. But when the laugh of it has died away, the pathetic thought remains that a humorous derogatory simile is the greatest encouragement Mr. Cannon has given to the reforms of the last decade or of any other decade since he entered public life.

On this cylinder the type is held in fonts from which it is set up on the right-hand cylinder by the automatic composing device shown in operation.

No Handling of Type

On this cylinder the type is set up in form for printing. After the run is finished the type is distributed back on the left-hand cylinder by the automatic distributing device.

with the

Gammeter Multigraph

A feature of the Gammeter Multigraph which particularly commends it for office use, is the ease and simplicity of its operation, coupled with absolute freedom from mussiness or soiling of the hands. It is never necessary, in any part of Multigraph operation, to touch the type with the fingers. The work of setting up the type from the type supply drum on the left to the printing drum on the right and distributing it back again, is done entirely by a simple and rapid automatic device (see illustration). The Multigraph can be handled alone by any boy or girl with perfect results. Only a minute to a line is required for setting up an average full-width letter. After the form is set up, original typewritten copies are easily produced at the rate of 2,000 and over per hour. This is equal to 100 typewriters handled by expert operators, and is double the production of a printing press.

In producing form letters, etc., the typewriting is done through a wide typewriter ribbon on paper backed up by a rubber platen; for regular printing, a direct inking roller is used instead of the ribbon. Electro-types may be used on the Multigraph and general office printing, such as office forms, postal cards, record cards, etc., can be printed in any style of type at less than half printers' charges.

LET US SEND YOU SAMPLES

of forms printed on the Gammeter Multigraph, together with a Multigraphed typewritten letter addressed to you personally. Simply send us your name, the name of your firm, and the position you occupy. We will also send descriptive booklet or catalogue.

The American Multigraph Sales Company, 3947 Kelley Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

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"Bristol"

Steel Fishing Rods

are THE STANDARD of strength, durability, pliancy and elasticity for surf, brook, lake, deep sea, or any kind of fishing. They will hook and land more fish, are elegantly finished and will stand more hard usage than any other rod known. *Quaranteed three years.*

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SHOEMAKER'S BOOK on POULTRY

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There is nothing in the world like it. It contains over 200 large pages, handsomely illustrated. A number of most beautiful Colored Plates of Fowls, true to life. It tells all about all kinds of Thoroughbred Fowls, with life-like illustrations, and prices of same. It tells how to raise poultry successfully and how to treat all diseases common among them. It gives working plans and illustrations of convenient Poultry Houses. It tells all about

Incubators and Brooders

It gives full instructions for operating all kinds of incubators. This chapter is marvellously complete and worth dollars to anyone using an incubator. It gives descriptions and prices of incubators, brooders and all kinds of Poultry Supplies. In fact, it is an encyclopedia of chicken and will be mailed to anyone on receipt of only 15 cents. Your money returned if not pleased.

C. C. SHOEMAKER Box 1425 FREEPORT, ILL.

Electricity Now Does All the Washing and Wringing

We now attach an electric motor to the famous 1000 Washer. It operates the wringer, too. Connect it with a light fixture as you connect a table lamp. Turn on the current as you turn on the light.

The Washer then operates just like our hand washer, only you don't need to touch it.

When the washing is done, move a small lever, and the motor connects with the wringer. The one motor, operating both the

washer and wringer, does every whit of the work. Please think what that means. The hardest drudgery there is about household work done by two cents' worth of electricity.

Servants happy; laundry bills saved; clothes lasting twice as long. For the "1000" does washing better than any other method known.

Now electricity makes the washer go. Doesn't that sound like a new era for women?

Send No Money—We Pay Freight

This outfit does just as we claim. Does all of the washing, all of the wringing. Does the work better than you can do it by hand. Does it with less wear on clothes.

The facts, we know, seem too good to be true. So we propose this: If you are responsible, we will send you the Washer, Wringer and Motor, all on 30 days' trial. We will prepay the freight.

You don't invest a penny—don't commit yourself at all. Do four washings with it. Try it on dainty things, heavy things, everything. Then, if you think you can get along without it, we will take it back.

Your 30 days' use will be free. You have no obligation whatever. Treat us just like a dealer who shows you a washer. If you don't



want it when the month is up, simply say so.

But don't go on washing in the old way without knowing what this method means to you. Women have no right to do such hard work when electricity can do it for them.

Send first for our Washer Book, to know all about it. Then, if you'll try it, just tell us to send it on.

Please cut out this coupon—now—before you forget it.

The 1000 Washer Co.,
3182 Henry St., Longhoughton, N. Y.
Please send me the book about the Electric Washer.

Name _____

Add-on _____
We have also a Canadian factory.

YOU can secure absolute and lasting cleanliness of the teeth and mouth by using the Sanitol Tooth Preparations. YOU can add to the comfort and beauty of the body through the services of the elegant Sanitol Toilet Preparations.

SANITOL TOOTH & TOILET PREPARATIONS

fifteen in the family, all good

Select them today at your druggist or at any toilet counter



The Coupon-Blotter

(A Patented Sales-Plan)



A BIG PROPOSITION

Used continuously by large advertisers in all lines. Compels attention—holds interest—brings direct returns. Is readily adaptable to all manufactures, trades, publishing, educational institutions, etc. Sells anything that can be sold. The greatest little salesman on earth. Simple enough for the smallest local advertiser—big enough for a national campaign. Write for samples and terms—put it to immediate use—count the results. COUPON-BLOTTER CO., 437 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK. We arrange Sales Agencies with advertising people or good printers. You should inquire NOW.

THE UNPRODUCTIVE BURIED TALENT

Many a man buries his talent, perhaps from fears which the past has created and justified. However, the State Law under which we operate meets and disposes of these fears completely. We have a deposit of non-negotiable mortgage securities of \$1,600,000.00 with the Germania Bank of Savannah for your protection, and pay 5% on call and 6% on time deposits.

Write for booklet "B" full of interesting information on money protection.

5% Georgia State Building and Loan Association 6% Savannah, Ga.

DON'T BE CHAINED TO ANTIQUITY.

50¢ for one holder. From the East to the West. In Rochester, a new brush—the genius to make it into a convenient and available tooth brush. Operates on the only correct principle—up and down. Thoroughly cleans and whitens your teeth. Hand makes them sound. Endorsed by most eminent dentists. By mail, postpaid—each twelve extra brushes for 30 cents.

ARAKA

THE UP-AND-DOWN BRUSH

THE FIBRE TOOTH BRUSH COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Everything For The Automobile

SUPPLIES AND PARTS AT LOWEST PRICES. Our 1908 Catalog just out—200 pages, 1000 illustrations, 5000 descriptive prices. Sent Free. Saves You Money. NEUSTADT AUTOMOBILE AND SUPPLY COMPANY 3936 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.



"R & W" is the signature

on our clothes creations. It is a guarantee of the expert skill gained through long experience in making Fancy Vests and now applied to the making of "R & W" Cheerful Clothes.

"Cheerful" Clothes have the snappy vigor that fashion now decrees. You will want it in your Spring Suit, Rain-Coat or Fancy Vest.

Look for the trade-mark at your dealer's

Rosenwald & Weil CHICAGO

Our Style Book upon request IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

The Japanese veteran, reckless with excitement, ventured out from under cover, pointing his camera skyward. "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes!" came a stern command from the London "Daily Mail" man, whose six years' experience as correspondent amid the bombs and emotions of St. Petersburg had taught him absolute self-control. A hundred yards away, the great bird swung to the right and swept grandly by, broadside on. Some cows grazing on the beach grass threw their heads upward, and whirling about, galloped away in terror ahead of the approaching machine. It swept on far above them indifferently, approached the sand-hills three-quarters of a mile to the left, rose to them, soared over and down the other side.

Again it swung to the right and again passed broadside on. It had covered perhaps a third of the last leg of the journey back to the shed, when the flash of the propellers could be seen to stop and the aeroplane soared down and alighted lightly as a bird. Something had gone wrong in the engine, it was explained afterward. The attacking party, examining their watches, decided that the flight had lasted two minutes and fifty seconds. The machine had flown about two miles.

"If they had gone back to the house," declared one of the invaders suddenly, with the solemn emphasis of one whose

personal enthusiasm over the achievement of two of his countrymen was violently struggling with his professional duty not to show himself and thus stop the flights of another day—"If they'd gone back to the house—by thunder, I'd have gone right over there and congratulated them!" Everybody nodded tensely, the same emotional struggle having worked itself out similarly in each mind.

Being an attacking party, however, without the happy privilege of telling two plucky young men how much they admired them, they sat right there in the sand, along with the flies and busy "chiggers" until there was just time to tramp back and catch the chug-chug home. Then, bedraggled and very sunburned, they tramped up to the little weather bureau and informed the world, waiting on the other side of various sounds and continents and oceans, that it was all right, the rumors true, and there was no doubt that a man could fly. The next day that same machine was smashed because the man running it happened to pull the wrong lever—it doesn't take long to strike bottom when one starts, at the rate of forty miles an hour, from thirty feet above the earth—but it had flown eight miles before this happened, and there was no other reason why it might not have traveled fifty. After all, it was a kind of history.

The Churches of San Francisco

With a New Sidelight on Francis J. Heney

By C. P. CONNOLLY

IT WAS one night in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco. The Supreme Court of California, not long before, had declared that Eugene Schmitz and Abe Ruef were innocent of any illegal wrong-doing in forcing bribes from the French restaurant-keepers. Everybody knew that the Southern Pacific was trying to protect Ruef and Schmitz. It didn't care so much about Schmitz, but Ruef was dangerous, and might, Samson-like, bring down the pillars of the temple with him. Every influence that the Southern Pacific could control—and its influence is far-reaching and powerful in California—was at work. The decision of the Supreme Court, following that of the Appellate Court, had been a severe blow to the prosecution. It was a bull market for crime, and the Southern Pacific and its friends were not selling short.

Just now plenty of people are saying that the churches are failures, and the ministers useless—that they're not up-to-date and don't meet the demands of modern life. California's experience is giving that argument the retort proper, and every decent-thinking man is thanking God for the churches. The fact is, make a good minister mad, and you've a mighty useful citizen; but get him mad in a death-grapple with corruption and wrong, and he is a very demon for righteousness. You can't find a tape long enough to measure his usefulness.

Well, the ministers in California had placed great reliance in the higher courts, and when the higher courts, unfortunately, assumed the attitude of hired assassins standing in the shadow of a dark alley, waiting for the prosecution, the ministers, who had for years back looked patiently for the dawn of light and truth in San Francisco, got panic-stricken. They saw public opinion beginning to turn and run; they saw the finger of ridicule and contempt pointed openly at the little band of men who had been fighting this mighty battle; they saw the hosts of evil come out of their hiding-places and walk brazenly in the old haunts. The ministers began to cry out: "God help us," not in the perfunctory way, but in real dead earnest.

Then some one spoke up. "Why don't you turn Heney loose in your pulpits?"

So I heard Heney in the First Congregational Church in Oakland this night. It was by mere accident. One of the morning papers had promised to mention the meeting, but "forgot" it. Another intentionally announced it as of the night before it actually occurred. But these cheap shifts only aroused the fair-play element the more. Nearly every merchant gave space in his window for a card announcing the meeting for that night. The crowd good-naturedly joshed and jostled

one another outside for an hour before they got in. It was a large auditorium, and it was a representative crowd. They were men of thought and men of affairs. Here and there was a face whose downcastness proclaimed it the face of a spotter. He had underestimated Heney's quality as a mob-charmer, and he could not conceal his chagrin.

A good many years ago Sam Jones delivered a law-and-order address in Kansas City. He was giving the local Democrats an artistic tongue-lashing. Every time the lash raised a welt, there was tremendous applause. "Oh, you Republicans needn't clap," said Jones, after one of these outbursts. "You're just as bad." That's Heney. He had the house wild, now with his fervid, defiant, eloquent patriotism, now with his thrusts of wit. No one escaped unless he had a card in the union of decent citizenship. No matter how much you wanted to be with Heney, you felt, after listening to him, that if you wanted to march under his banner you had first to go make your peace with God and your own conscience, and then come back; otherwise you couldn't tell the minute he might turn on you. First, there was character and courage behind the eloquence and the wit; next, high-set standard. He was right. He didn't make an argument or a point that didn't fit square into the main fabric of justice—and Heney's justice is stern, unyielding. He went after men without regard to garb or gimcrackery. If one happened to be a crook, his membership in church or club did not protect him.

There is a well-known race-track near Oakland, and some California State Senator had had some underground connection with that. Heney was discussing this State Senator in connection with the graft prosecutions. Two auditors sitting in front of me had been handclapping and snirking with delight all evening at Heney's bombshells as they came baying through the air. These two seemed to enjoy the accuracy of aim of these bombshells and Heney's wilful thrusts more than the occasional Saxonarola fervor of the speaker. Suddenly Heney announced that the race-track was ruining more young men in Oakland than any other influence, and that as soon as he got time he was going to close up that track. The snirks on the faces of the two auditors became sickly shadows. Heney's flame had suddenly shot their way and burned a red scar across their eyes.

A Correction

MR. WILL IRWIN, in one of his articles, said that Colonel Thos. B. Fekler, Jr., of Atlanta, Georgia, volunteered his services in the South Carolina investigation. This was an error. He did not volunteer. His services were requested, and he was paid for them.

A FIFTY YEAR TEST

The many attempts during the past fifty years to improve upon the standard of all infant foods—Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—have been in vain. Eagle Brand is prepared under rigid sanitary conditions. As an infant food its equal is unattainable. Send for Baby Book. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.—Adc.



Have you ever noticed what magnificent chest development operatic singers have—how straight and broad shouldered they are, and how round and full their necks? The constant practise of drawing deep breaths—filling the lungs to the limit of their capacity—accounts for it.

PROF. CHAS. MUNTER'S NULIFE

proper breathing, thus giving the body all the benefits of a complete course of physical culture without exertion. It gives your lungs a chance to perform the function for which Nature designed them—that of purifying and vitalizing the blood. Several million sickly, hollow-chested and round-shouldered people have been developed into perfect specimens of physical health by NULIFE.

NULIFE gives a man a fine military appearance, straightens his shoulders, makes him stand and sit properly, expands his chest and reduces his stomach. To women, NULIFE gives a perfect figure, and a grace and poise which cannot be obtained through any other means. It aids the development of children, makes them stand upright, and grow strong and healthy. NULIFE is made of a light washable fabric and is just as comfortable to wear as an undergarment.

The phenomenal success of NULIFE has naturally brought forth many worthless imitations, which are so skillfully misrepresented that anyone who doesn't happen to know NULIFE may easily be deceived into buying one of these worthless substitutes. You can guard yourself against such imposition by looking for the trademark "NULIFE" which is stamped on every garment.

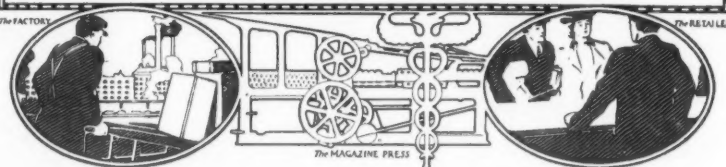
NULIFE formerly sold through agents throughout the world for \$5.00. Now sent direct to you by mail for \$3.00 and guaranteed that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Send your height, weight and chest measure (not bust measure) and state whether male or female, with your name and address plainly written to receive prompt attention.

Illustrated booklet on "What Nulife Will Do For You" sent FREE. PROFESSOR CHAS. MUNTER NULIFE COMPANY Dept. 105, 13-15 West 34th St., near 5th Ave., New York City



The Merchant Who Found Himself



A CERTAIN merchant in the East, owning a retail clothing business left by his father, found himself a few years ago with surplus money and energy that led him to establish another store in a nearby town.

Now, his father had drawn the best patronage in that city by selling leading lines of men's hats, the name of any one of which is nationally known for high quality. The elder merchant had carried two of them almost from the first year their manufacturers had made hats. There are certain standard makes of men's clothing, and this store had for two years carried one of them. It was the same with shoes, collars, shirts, underclothing, etc. The stock comprised everything needed to fit out a man or a boy. But every article was sold on the reputation of the manufacturer, and bore his label, which was well and favorably known through national advertising.

The son had continued this policy. But now he thought it time he was making a reputation for himself. Everything sold in his new store should bear his own label, and nobody else's. He wanted his name on the best merchandise, however, so he went to the manufacturers of those very lines handled by his father and himself, and arranged to get precisely the same goods, to sell at the same prices, but with his own label attached instead of the manufacturer's.

When his new store opened it had identically the same merchandise as the old one, except for the makers' names. The merchant advertised liberally in the local papers. He guaranteed the trustworthiness of everything sold. He laid emphasis on his reputation, his experience, his skill as a buyer. His store immediately took the leading patronage in that city.

At the end of three seasons, however, the proprietor went to the manufacturers, acknowledged that he was wrong, and directed that their own labels be restored to what he bought. Trade was not increasing as it should. The old store showed greater growth in the same period than the new, though the latter was in new territory. It took too much time to persuade customers that a hat made by the well-known Blank

Company, bearing only this merchant's name, was as good as the same hat bearing Blank's name. So the old labels were restored, and during the fourth season the gains in trade were more than double the whole growth during the first three seasons. To-day that shop bears a large sign. At the top is the merchant's name, and underneath the names of fully a dozen manufacturers of standard articles of men's wearing apparel. He is glad to let it be known that these manufacturers are, as it were, partners in his business.

The retail merchant is doing the best for his patrons and himself when he puts most of his energy and ability into the work of selecting and distributing goods, and leaves manufacturing and the making of reputation to the producers. Some merchants buy goods too cheap, and others too dear. Some carefully select stock that is not in demand. Others buy too much. In the end there is dead stock, dead trade, dead capital, and a dead business.

Nationally advertised goods carry the least risk of becoming dead stock. Live energy is behind them. More than that, real demand is behind them, for the manufacturer has tested them in many markets to find out whether the public really wants them, and whether it will want them again, and again, and again—and yet again. Enormous national sales are necessary to pay advertising bills, because competition keeps the advertising expense down to an infinitesimal fraction on each sale. A good deal is heard from time to time of the commodity that is ten cents value and ninety cents advertising. But who ever knew such a commodity to gain a national demand or hold it?

Nationally advertised merchandise has behind it the element of publicity that gives news value, tells the consumer what he is buying, and makes stability of quality imperative. The merchant who handles merchandise advertised in this way is going with a powerful current of distributive energy. Retail experience has demonstrated that it is to his best interest to paddle a little with the current himself.

The Quoin Club TITIT Key

THIS little 16-page monthly, half the size of magazine page, will be sent on request to any Business Man who is interested in advertising. Address Quoin Club 111 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

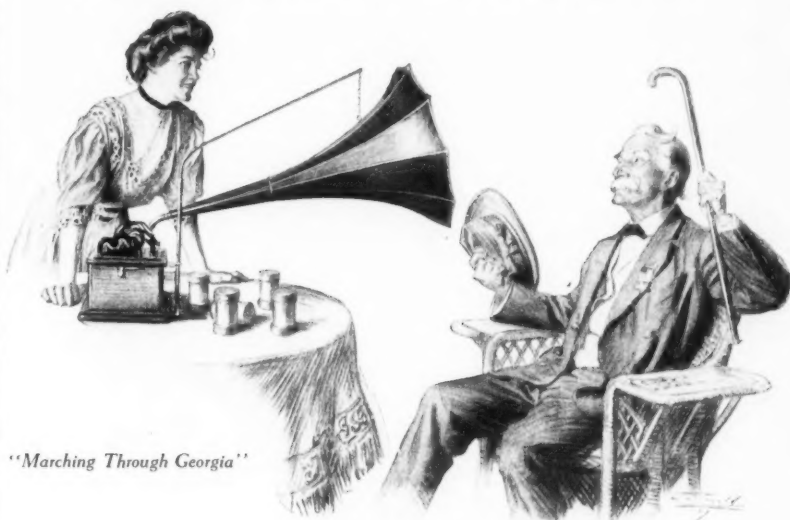
represents not only the original sound-reproducing idea invented by Mr. Edison, but it also represents every improvement Mr. Edison has been able to make in his original invention.

It is an improvement that the Edison Phonograph uses a reproducing point of such hardness that it lasts for years and does away with the annoyance of continually having to change needles.

It is an improvement that the horn is constructed in such a way as to give the greatest clearness and volume of sound, without sacrificing the quality of the sound.

It is an improvement that the Edison Phonograph and Edison Records can be bought so cheaply that they make good music possible to all.

Did you ever try making your own Records? Write to us or ask your dealer about this.



"Marching Through Georgia"

The Twenty-four New Records for June

are made up of some of the cleverest song records and some of the best instrumental records that the well-known artists on the Edison staff have ever made for us. Hear them at any Edison store today. You'll be sure to want some of them for your Phonograph. Here's the list:

9842 Thousand and One Nights Waltz (Johann Strauss)	Edison Concert Band
9843 Good-Bye, Sweetheart, Good-Bye (Von Tilzer & Lamb)	Alan Turner
9844 When the Song of Love is Heard (a comic song from "A Waltz Dream")	Weld & Herbert
9845 Rag-time Don't Go with Me No More (a comic coon song)	Lowitz & Woodward
9846 Lollypops (Xylophone), Mullin	Arthur Collins
9847 Just Some One (song with violin obligato), Anderson	Manuel Romain
9848 Shall We Gather at the River? (Sacred Song) Lowry	Edison Mixed Quartette
9849 Somebody Loves You, Dear (Hanley)	Harry Anthony
9850 When It's Moonlight on the Prairie (Henry & Roden)	Byron G. Harlan and Chorus
9851 Humoresque on "The Merry Widow Waltz" (Lehar-Bellstedt)	Edison Concert Band
9852 Daddy's Little Tom Boy Girl (Hager & Roden)	Stella Tobin
9853 Krausmeyer's Birthday Party (Original Vaudeville Sketch with instrumental features)	Spencer and Mozarto
9854 I Said "Hello," She Said the Same, Then We Both Said "Good-bye" (Rose & Silver)	Bob Roberts
9855 Cecilia, With a Capital C (Furth & Moran)	Edward M. Favor
9856 Nigger in the Barnyard (Lovenberg)	Edison Military Band
9857 Over the Mountain of Sorrow (Tracy & Smith)	James F. Harrison
9858 Honey, Won't You Please Come Down? (Reed)	Collins and Harlan
9859 All She Gets from the Iceman is Ice (A Song that Vesta Victoria is singing with great success) Solman & Lamb	Ada Jones
9860 The Lanky Yankee Boys in Blue (March Song) Morse & Madden	Edward Meeker
9861 Yankee Girl Caprice (Moses-Tobani)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9862 Big Chief Smoke (Raynes & Kolb)	Billy Murray
9863 Santiago Flynn (Morse & Madden)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9864 The Laughing Spectator (Original Vaudeville Sketch)	Steve Porter
9865 Harry Lauder Medley	Edison Military Band



Ask your dealer or write to us for the new catalogue of Edison Phonographs, THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; the SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new June Records, and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence. Records in all Foreign languages.

National Phonograph Co., 12 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

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*Again, I say -
Don't Be Odd*



USE GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

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